

# Elks

MARCH 1948







**THEY DON'T  
WANT CHARITY  
THEY WANT A  
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What crippled children want, and what they get through Easter Seals, is a  
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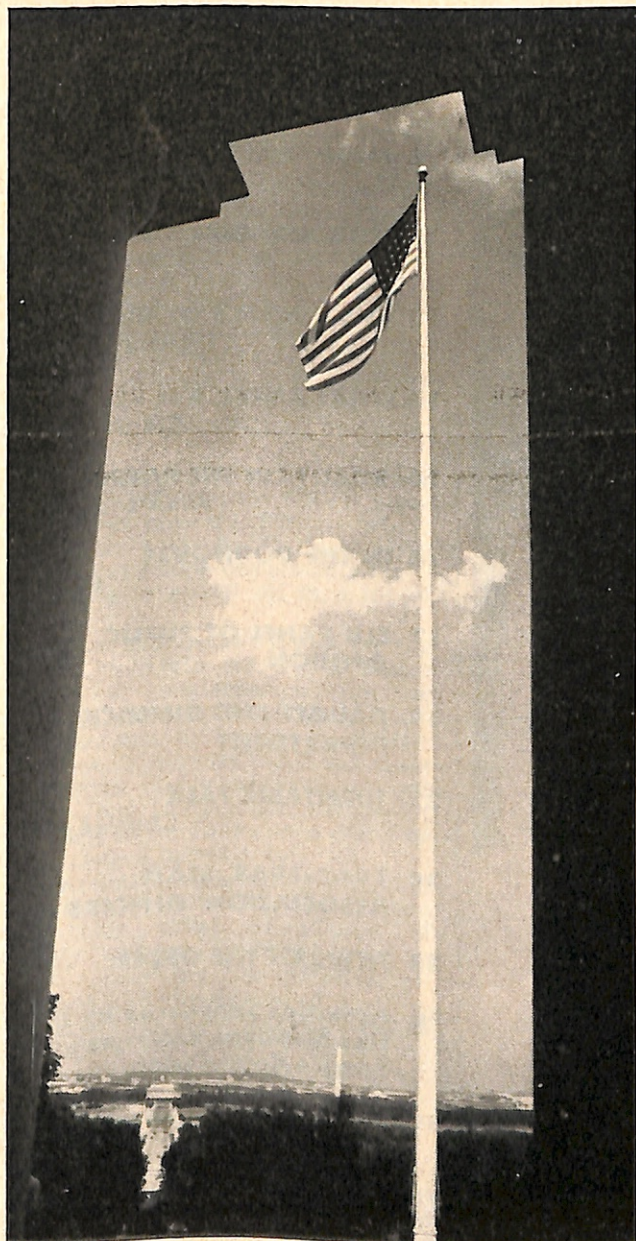
**Every Easter**



**Seal You Buy Helps  
a Crippled Child**



# A message from THE GRAND EXALTED RULER



Ewing Galloway

*"I pledge allegiance to the flag  
of the United States of America,  
and to the Republic for which it  
stands, one Nation, indivisible,  
with liberty and justice for all."*

## LET'S TALK IT OVER

YOUR Grand Exalted Ruler was greatly shocked to read that in some of our public schools the following quotations appeared, among many others of similar character, in a text book used by youngsters up to the ninth grade. Many of the sections in this book present questions to be answered by the pupil after discussion by the teacher. You, as well as I, can readily understand what the effect would be if the teacher is not wholly pro-American and religiously sound. These are quotations taken at random. A Russian immigrant is quoted as follows:

*"America place like heaven for rich, but like hell for foreign worker."*

*"If there is another world in which a man will be punished or rewarded for the way he lived here, that is a strong force to make him live better than he otherwise would. Perhaps this is a comparatively low motive, but it works with a great many people."*

*"We have had pointed out to us that the holding of private property is one of the fundamental rights guaranteed by our government. But is the private ownership of property and the private management of business a good thing? Seemingly, people of almost every age and every land have thought so, for Russia is the only great country today which has experimented with any other system. True it does not follow that because a thing was done for centuries it is good. Men used to hold slaves and burn people to death for witchcraft. But when so much of the world has built its very life upon an institution we must have good reason if we propose to over-throw it."*

It appears to me definitely and conclusively that many so-called educators today are going entirely too far.

I am too old-fashioned and too completely American to take chances with poisoning the minds of our growing young children who are to be the leaders of tomorrow.

At that age I believe that the child's mind should still be directed—yes, directed—toward pure, unadulterated Americanism, with no doubts placed there about our government's being the most wonderful form of government in the world.

Our President and our government are proposing to spend billions of dollars abroad to prevent the spread of communism so that it will not contaminate us here in America. This is no time to experiment with new-fangled theories of education when the future of our country is definitely at stake.

I urge every Elk to be alert to the danger of subversive teachings in our schools, and the Exalted Ruler of every lodge to take immediate steps to see that in the jurisdiction of his lodge the minds of our young children are not being contaminated, or prejudiced against the finest form of government in the world.

Text books in schools generally are selected or recommended by the teachers and are interpreted by them to the pupils.

Where possible, there should be emphasized to them the importance of eliminating all text books containing subversive or irreligious material. There should be emphasized to them the importance of educating and encouraging every American child to love the American form of government and the American way of life in the same spirit of unqualified devotion that he or she is taught to revere and love God.

Vigilantly yours,

L. A. LEWIS

GRAND EXALTED RULER



**TWENTY-FIVE YEARS  
AGO THIS MONTH  
IN THE ELKS  
MAGAZINE**



**E**MILE COUÉ was the name of the moment in early 1923. Joseph Gollomb, in our March issue of that year, offered a pithy sketch of that French pharmacist and the origin of his "Day by day in every way . . ." appeal to the subconscious.

Another name, which made headlines for years, was featured in the March, 1923, issue. Hon. Joseph Gurney "Uncle Joe" Cannon told his thoughts about the Elks. "What has the Order of Elks meant in my life?" Uncle Joe asked, rhetorically. "Just this: sunshine and lots of it, sowing seeds of kindness and reaping the harvest in happiness."

An article by Robert Mountsier tried to explain "Why All of Europe Is Now Fighting for Our American Money."

"A Day with the Grand Exalted Ruler" was the title of an absorbing article by William Almon Wolff. "I don't know the antonym for the word sinecure," was one observation, "but the office of Grand Exalted Ruler is it, anyway. I doubt if any executive in the country has to work harder and more steadily."

Noted in the advertising section were Chesterfield cigarettes, Ide collars, Cheney cravats, El Productio cigars, Brunswick equipment, Douglas shoes and Hinds Honey-and-Almond Cream.

Headlines in March, 1923, Fraternal News: Youngstown, Ohio, Lodge Makes \$5,000 Gift to Salvation Army. Elks Combine Fighting Forces to Destroy Narcotic Menace. Boys Club Saved by Quick Action of Elizabeth, N. J., Elks. Medford, Mass., Lodge Ships Its Radio Outfit to the Elks National Home for Benefit of Resident Members. Cambridge, Mass., Lodge Nets \$18,400 on Charity Ball. The Elk's Tooth is not an Emblem of the Order.

The 1923 candidates for Grand Lodge officers: Watertown, S. D., Lodge presented James G. McFarland for Grand Exalted Ruler; Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, John K. Burch for Grand Treasurer; East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, Louis Boismenu for Grand Trustee. J. S.

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## Elks MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE  
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OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF  
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### COVER DESIGN

by C. C. Beall

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Postmasters are asked to send Form 3578 notices complete with the key number which is imprinted at upper left-hand corner of mailing address, to The Elks Magazine, 50 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Members are asked, in changing address, to send this information (1) Name; (2) Lodge number; (3) Membership number; (4) New address; (5) Old address. Please allow 30 days for a change of address to be effected. THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Volume 26, No. 10, March, 1948. Published monthly at McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter November 2, 1940, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in Dayton, Ohio. U. S. A. Single copy price, 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and its Possessions, for Elks, \$1.00 a year; for non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Canadian postage, add 50 cents a year; for foreign postage, add \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions are payable in advance. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return via first class mail. They will be handled with care, but this Magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety. Copyright, 1948, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.



## IN THIS ISSUE

### We Present—

OUR Easter cover this year was painted by the famous illustrator and cover designer C. C. Beall, whose work has appeared so frequently in this Magazine. The last of his paintings published by us was the picture of the fascinated little kid illustrating Bixby's, "An Unusually Good Boy", in our Christmas issue.

This month your Magazine is trying something new. On page 5 we have published a questionnaire asking our readers to indicate their likes and dislikes concerning the editorial matter which appears in your Magazine. We hope that the questionnaire will evoke an enthusiastic response, and that our readers will give us a candid answer to what they do and do not read in *The Elks Magazine*.

William Fay wrote our lead article for this issue. Fay once was a fighter before he became one of the most prolific magazine writers in the country. You have seen his stories, mostly dealing with football and the fight game, in almost every big-time magazine, and very frequently in *The Elks Magazine*. In his article "Is The Ring True"? Mr. Fay answers his own question. The illustration, we think, is a beaut.

"Don't Blame Me", by Timothy Fuller, is a nifty little fiction piece—at least we hope it is fiction—which appears on page 8. It deals with a "let's-have-none-of-this-nonsense" guy who gets mixed up in a lot of nonsense.

Another feature is "Robot on the Payroll", wherein we learn, somewhat to our consternation, that the day of the iron man has dawned. Anything you can do he can do better. Or almost. This news will bring tears to the eyes of the unions, but our author, John L. Springer, points out a gigantic silver lining to a cloud no bigger than a man's hand.

Your contributors, out of their munificence, are showering our readers with their usual abundance of monthly features. Ed Faust is out on a limb concerning the instincts, intelligence and the degree of comprehension of dogs. Dickson Hartwell, in "A Man's World", tired of answering letters about exotic foods and sports catalogues, has confined himself to more general topics; while Albert Hubbell goes to work on Ross Lockridge's best-seller, *Raintree County*.

Our more inquiring minds are asking the Elk Panel of Public Opinion to express itself fully on "comic" books and "funny" papers. We expect to hear quite a bit about this.

A fraternal section more voluminous than usual completes this issue. We call your attention to the opening gun under "News of the Order", revealing the widespread approval of the nation's hospitals toward the work of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission.

C. P.

he's going places...  
he's got *P.A.*\*



*P.A.*\* means *Pipe Appeal*  
Pipe Appeal is that distinctly masculine appearance of the man who smokes a pipe! And to get joy and comfort from their pipes, thousands and thousands of men fill them with Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco!

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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



# ELK NEWSLETTER

★ WASHINGTON

Most of the U. S. communities were squeezed by the winter's fuel oil crises one way or another. The Navy's last-minute loans of crude saved the day for many and provided material for the usual winter headlines.

This time, however, concern over the growing shortage of one of the prime raw materials of our industrial democracy has spread beyond editorial sanctums. Washington got dramatic evidence of the seriousness of the situation when Secretary of the Interior Krug called for an immediate start on a nine-billion-dollar synthetic oil program. His plea was sharpened by strong words from Defense Secretary Forrestal before a Congressional committee.

But there is nothing new about the technical chemical production of synthetic fuels. It can be done tomorrow. The big question is whether we should begin now to construct the plants needed to extract petroleum from our untouched shale resources or wait until the next war to do it—or until the exhaustion of our remaining petroleum supplies has driven prices high enough to supply the profit motive for private development of our potential oil resources.



Little known is the fact that Bureau of Mines surveys have established that crude oil can be produced from shale for about 12 cents a gallon, some three to five cents higher than present petroleum prices. Extraction costs bring the price of bulk gasoline produced by this method to the 15-16 cent range. This is at wholesale. Filling station prices would be considerably higher. The big thing is that our untouched shale contains two or three times the reserves of our proven oil fields.

Nor have shortening supplies affected Government thinking alone. In sharp contrast to earlier practice, when millions of cubic yards of oil-bearing natural gases have been wasted into the air annually, three big plants designed to recover oil from gas are now being built by private industry. Two are expected to be ready by year-end.

Back of all these stop-gaps, back of

the oil fields and the natural gas and the petroleum-impregnated shale, lies the coal. Fortunately, our coal reserves appear well-nigh inexhaustible. And, in contrast to shale, for which no commercial extraction plans have been reported, one of the Nation's largest oil companies has teamed up with one of the Nation's largest coal companies to find out how black diamonds can be made available for Sunday driving.

Meanwhile, the Department of Commerce estimates that the demand for gasoline and oils in the United States will reach 2,180,000,000 barrels a year by 1950. If this figure is to be met, the department asserts, it will be necessary to add 300,000 to 400,000 barrels daily to our present refining capacity.



Veterans who have been putting off getting into business under their GI Bill of Rights benefits may now have waited too long: particularly if their projects require long-term financing. Credit already has been restricted and long-term money rates have been raised by the lowering of the Government support price for long-term Federal bonds. Consideration now is being given to even more far-reaching proposals to restrict the availability of funds for new enterprises.

Nor is the tightening of credit confined to the business field. An official of the National Association of Home Builders maintains that the "drying up" of the mortgage market constitutes the greatest single menace to the home-building industry's program of a million homes a year for veterans and others.

Government officials, however, point to other factors which are also slowing down home-building as effectively as lack of credit. Chief among these is rising prices. The lumber cost of the average new house, the Office of Domestic Commerce points out, has increased from an average of 19 per cent of the total selling price of a house in 1939 to 25 per cent in June 1947, and 26 per cent in November, 1947. Lumber prices, the report states, are "substantially out of line" with other commodities.

(Continued on page 32)



# YOUR OWN MAGAZINE WANTS YOUR ADVICE

We at *The Elks Magazine* want you to do us a favor—one from which you also will benefit.

We wish the Magazine to be what you want it to be.

If we are always to succeed in that aim we must know what you want; what you like best—what you like less and what you do not like at all.

Therefore, if you will cooperate by giving us the information we are asking for on the cut-out at the right, you will help us to know what you want most in your Magazine and we can more surely meet your desires. It is most important that you check each feature.

We shall be very appreciative of your help.

ELKS MAGAZINE

*James A. Nicholson*  
General Manager



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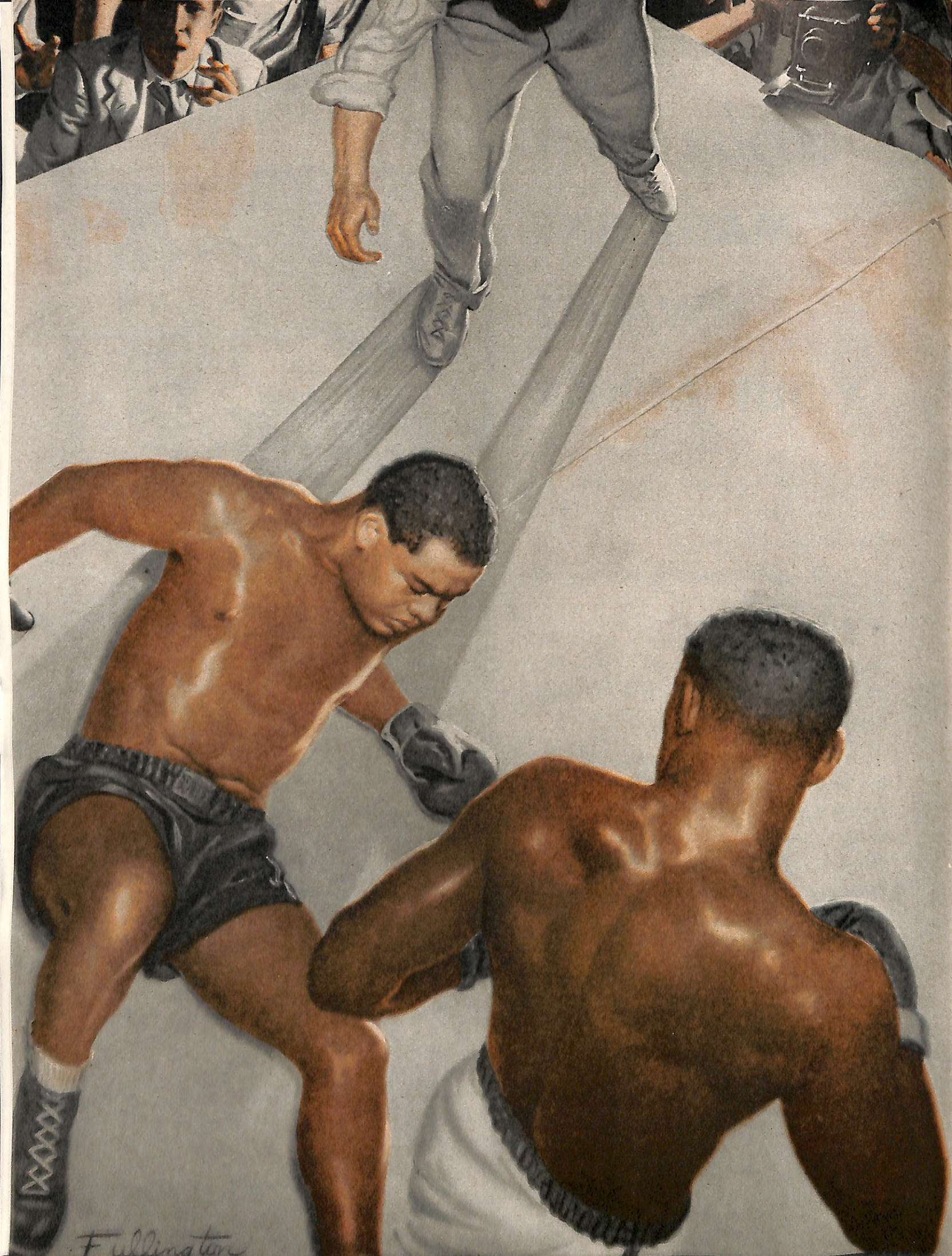
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# Is the RING True?

BY WILLIAM FAY

**Sports writers and boxing fans in general have too great a faith in a young man's concrete jaw.**



A REMEDY for boxing has been suggested in its financial and aesthetic capital, New York, and the remedy is at once the harshest possible and the easiest to realize: abolish boxing. This would require hardly a twitch of Governor Dewey's mustache and no more than half a dozen words of good clear baritone. The charge against the manly art is larceny, and the feeling among sensitive sportsmen is that somebody trunned a sperled sponge in the face of public confidence. They say his name is Jake Lamotta. A little while ago his name was Rocky Graziano. We shall not attempt to read the consciences of the parties named. However, it is a reasonable thing to assume that boxing would not have survived had the name of the suspect ever been Joe Louis.

The Louis-Walcott affair provided the champion with a very rocky evening. Not since his first unhappy outing with Max Schmeling had Joe been twice dropped to his sateen pants. Once, several times, but never twice. The Camembert tang to the decision was sufficient to turn the movies of the contest into as gainful a windfall as the death of a million-dollar aunt. A \$1,500,000 gate for this coming June was virtually guaranteed. Anybody betting Walcott to survive not all the fifteen but as many as ten rounds could have wrapped himself and his future in thousand-dollar bills.

No greater tribute could be paid to Joe Louis than this: the shriek of "Larceny!" was never heard. Nor could it fairly have been raised. The mark of sincerity has been on the champion for the dozen or more years he has been demonstrating that no matter how hard you punch the human specimen you simply cannot separate its head from its neck with one clean blow. It may be that Louis, at 34, is out of youth and out of legs. Any suggestion that the champ is out of honor will buy you a quick trip to the morgue in many spots north, south and west of Harlem.

But to return to some interesting specimens who have not managed to rear their pedestals so high. Rocky Graziano and Jake Lamotta are colorful young men in the bloom of their capacities. They are personalities beside whom comparable successes in less violent fields—for instance, Mr. Luckman, of Lever Brothers Soap, Mr. Tyrone Power of Hollywood, Mr. Hemingway of *les belles lettres*—are rendered inconspicuous and wan. It will hurt me deeply if boxing is abolished and I wish to state its case.

Boxing's current troubles are approximately the ones that beset this delightful business last year and have

beset it for as many years back as any one under the age of fifty is able to remember. It is a legalized brutality to which many paying customers, myself included, are deliriously addicted. It is by its very nature susceptible to a certain degree of larceny both within and beyond the ropes, and yet boxing, most fair critics will allow, is in as healthy a moral state today as it has ever been. Such a compliment could, of course, be paid to Hitler, too, if the bum were still around.

FIRST of all, I believe that Lamotta's four-round experience with Billy Fox of Philadelphia was not prearranged. Jake is a Bronx boy whose remarkable head enjoys the crust of a bowling ball and the innards of a comptometer. He has never been one to avoid a punch or a dollar. He is not popular with fight managers because he does not employ one. He sees no reason for paying 33 1/3 per cent of his purses to a member of the Guild for saying to him, "G'wan out, Jake, an' let the bum bust 'is hands on yer chin." He knows this formula and has successfully applied it from 1941 until the recent evening with Blackjack Billy from Philly. Jake manages himself and employs for the task of carrying the water bucket and the towels such local boys as Al Silvani and Lefty Remini, former associates of Tami Mauriello, the Bronx Blimp.

Jake is tough. It is an astonishing and true thing that when grown men tee off and with full strength punch him in the the beard he does not bleed and very seldom blinks. Jake has amassed a treasured reputation as a human fire plug against assorted opposition. In his career he has not been knocked from his feet. Only Fox has been able to reduce him to such wobbling distress that the referee, in mercy, intervened. Even then, the stone edifice, though badly chipped, had not tumbled from the pedestal. My view of the fight was such that I could see the perspiration on the principals involved, one of whom was Frank Fullam, the referee. One thing is certain, and this is that Jake had never before had his brains as severely or ably scrambled. Blackjack Billy, a practitioner of limited experience, has won forty-nine of his fifty fights by the knockout method and in the remaining conflict was himself upended by Gus Lesnevich, the light-heavyweight champion. Blackjack Billy, if he has no other talent, can punch like a road-company Joe Louis, and it was, of course, as a light-heavyweight, that Louis began his career.

Jake, however, gained his reputation as the Gibraltar of the meatballs against welterweights and middleweights. There is a difference between being hit on the chin by a first-rate welterweight and receiving the same gift from light-heavyweight Billy Fox. It approximates the difference between being hit by a beautiful dame or

(Continued on page 19)

Artist Gilbert Fullington paints in oil his impression of a sensational moment in the Louis-Walcott fight, when the champion was dropped on the seat of his sateen pants.



# Don't Blame Me!

BY TIMOTHY FULLER

*It takes a brave man  
to advise the  
lovelorn—a wise one to  
get away with it.*



"... AND GOT HER TO FIX HERSELF  
UP LIKE A TRAMP AND THEN ..."  
MISS SMITH ENTERED ON THIS LINE  
AND CUT HIM DOWN WITH A SINGLE  
HEAVY-FROSTED GLANCE.

NEVER give advice to anyone. Advice-giving is the curse of our times and I avoid it, like the common cold, by taking precautions. Thirty-eight summers have taught me to cultivate the look of a man from whom it would be silly, even dangerous, to ask advice; the sharp cold eye, the lifted lip, the cutting retort are my permanent equipment. I employed all three the day young Barrett came into my office, looking troubled.

"Mr. Tomlinson," he said, "I have a personal problem."

"That gives you a bond with humanity, Barrett," I shot back, coldly. "Be happy about it."

He was bright enough to see the mistake in his approach and slyly changed his tack. "The girls in the office say you're quite an operator," he leered. "You go out with actresses and people like that."

At this I gave him the look that has chilled blood of Manhattan's hardest headwaiters but he, a mere junior executive, persisted. The youth was obviously in the grip of a great emotion.

"You know Emily Smith, who works here?" he said.

"If you mean Miss Smith, a typist in the outer office, yes."

"Well, it's like this," he began while I sat at my desk listening, riveted by the banality of the tale. In brief, Barrett and this Smith girl had been engaged for a year, they had money saved up, they even had an apartment to move into, but she kept postponing the wedding.

"There's no other guy, I know that," he concluded. "She just keeps saying she wants to be sure."

I was tempted to brush him out of the office without delay, but he is a valuable man. He has a fine head for figures, is steady, painstaking, neat-appearing; in short, the kind of employee who could get a job anywhere and who is thus to be coddled.

"Tell me," I said, "do you ever break dates with her?"

"Oh, no."

"Always on time? Send her flowers?"

"Sure."

"Compliment her on her clothes, things like that?"

"Enough, I guess."

I shook my head. "Of course, it's hopeless, Barrett. No woman will ever marry you. Adjust yourself to bachelorhood and be happy."

"If you want to be funny about it," he said, flushing a trifle.

"I'm stating the case," I said. "All women are reformers. You haven't given this girl anything to get her teeth into. With you, Barrett, it

would be like setting out to save the soul of an Eagle Scout."

I turned coldly to my work, expecting him to slink away like a beaten pup, but instead he laughed.

"Thanks, Mr. Tomlinson," he said. "Thanks a lot. That's the best advice anyone ever gave me."

"Get out!" I yelled.

He went out whistling, his head up, a fantastic scheme growing in his brain.

I was let in on it, three days later. He stuck his head in my office door, winked, and said, "It's working."

"What's working?"

"The wonderful idea you gave me," he said. "I'm playing the races. She says if I don't give it up right away, she'll never speak to me again!"

"Now, listen here, Barrett," I began.

"Seminar looks good in the sixth," he said and shut the door.

I gave it a minute's thought, picked up the phone, and put ten dollars on Seminar. The horse was away at twenty to one and ran eighth. So much for advice.

I WENT to the Coast for two weeks and hadn't been back in the office an hour before there was a timid tap at the door and Miss Smith came in. She was an unpretentious character at best and now she was frightened. If she'd been carrying a hat, she'd have been twisting it in her hands.

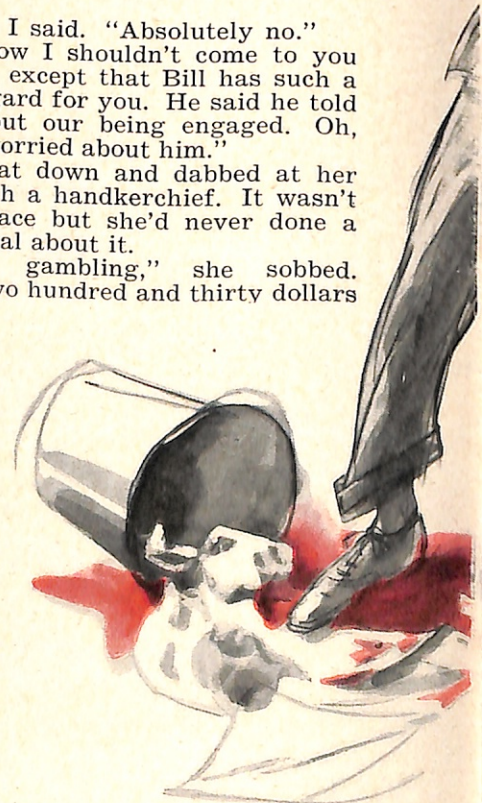
"Could I talk to you about a personal matter, Mr. Tomlinson?" she asked.

"No," I said. "Absolutely no."

"I know I shouldn't come to you about it except that Bill has such a high regard for you. He said he told you about our being engaged. Oh, I'm so worried about him."

She sat down and dabbed at her face with a handkerchief. It wasn't a bad face but she'd never done a great deal about it.

"He's gambling," she sobbed. "He's two hundred and thirty dollars





behind already. Isn't that awful?"

"I suppose it would be all right if he were two hundred and thirty dollars ahead," I said.

"Oh, Mr. Tomlinson, it's not like that at all. You know it isn't. It's getting a hold on him. He . . . he doesn't seem to care for me anymore."

Her face disappeared into the handkerchief again.

"Why should he?" I asked and her head came up.

"Why . . . what do you mean?"

"Do you know what you look like, Miss Smith?" I demanded and gave her no time to guess. "You look like a typist. You dress like a typist. Your hands, face, hair, yes," I said, leaning around the desk, "even your feet look like a typist's. You even act like one and, so help me, I believe at heart you are a typist. Good God, Miss Smith, in your condition you don't really think you can compete with horse racing, do you?"

I expected her to begin sobbing again, or even to slap my face, but instead she stood up very slowly and leaned toward me across the desk, looking deep into my eyes.

"Now I know," she said and her voice was low, "now I know why Bill thinks so much of you. Thank you so much, Mr. Tomlinson."

With a final brave, almost dedicated smile, she left me.

So I buzzed for Barrett.

"You understand," I said when he'd appeared, "that I never, under any circumstances, give advice to people. I want that clear. All I say to you now is take the day off and marry your girl. The time is ripe."

"I know," he said and there was resignation in his voice. "She's been after me to set a date but I don't know . . ." He rubbed his chin, giving it thought. "Maybe she was right in the first place. About waiting."

"Barrett," I said, "I never make

personal remarks about people but you simply haven't the gambler's temperament. Stay away from it."

"It's not a question of temperament," he said and the light was back in his eyes. "It's a question of percentages."

"I was wrong," I admitted, "you've got the temperament, and keep your hand out of the till."

"Don't worry," he laughed. "I'm beginning to click. You could do worse than Lady K. in the second today."

I stayed well away from Lady K. and she romped home, paying \$28.60. You figure out life and you'll never have to work again.

It would be inaccurate to say that Emily Smith changed overnight, or even to class it as a rebirth. She'd had sound enough material to start with. Now, rather than trusting her own judgment as she had in the past, she had gone to a professional and had herself "done". Her wave had

"YOU CAN'T PULL YOUR STUFF ON A GIRL LIKE EMILY SMITH AND GET AWAY WITH IT!"



Illustrated by WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



been combed out into a loose bob, her eyebrows reshaped, her lipstick darkened; her clothes were simpler and, no doubt, more expensive. In short, the improvement was such that I found it convenient to give her a certain amount of my personal dictation.

I naturally kept these meetings strictly on business and it wasn't until the third one that Barrett came up for discussion. She was getting ready to leave and she asked, "Do I still look like a typist, Mr. Tomlinson?"

"Certainly," I said and her mouth dropped open.

"But haven't you noticed . . . I mean . . ."

"I've noted the change, Miss Smith. Now you look like ninety per cent of the girls in New York, which is good. You could pass for a debutante or a show girl as well as a typist. Before you simply looked like what a typist should look like."

"Oh. Well, then, that's all right."

"If it pleases you," I said carelessly. "Tell me, has all this had any effect on the horse player?"

"Oh, he likes me this way, I guess," she said. "But . . ."

"But what?"

She gave a little shake of her head. "It doesn't matter . . . Now."

She departed on this cryptic note and the matter passed out of my head. Barrett was now winning steadily and while it was beneath me to pump him for tips I picked up some loose change on the occasional suggestions he made to me. It seemed like a satisfactory arrangement all around. Barrett was happy; Miss Smith, if not happy, was no longer weeping, and I had both a decorative secretary and a successful hand-capper in my employ.

IT WAS too good to last, of course, and it didn't. The blow fell one morning after I'd spent a testing night on the town with a Chicago client.

I didn't look up when Barrett came in.

"I want to get one thing straight with you, Tomlinson," he said and then I did look up. His hands were in the form of fists and his underlip was pushed out. "You can't pull your stuff on a girl like Emily Smith and get away with it. I'm here to tell you you're going to marry the girl, he roared.

"Sit down, Barrett," I said and took a sip of water.

"I'll stand."

"Suit yourself. Now what is all this?"

He gave a short, mean-sounding laugh and put one hand in his pocket. "She gave this back to me last night." He exhibited the engagement ring. "She told me she was in love with you, so you know what it's all about, all right."

I took another and larger sip of water and rolled it about on my tongue. I pushed the buzzer and spoke into the machine, "Have Miss Smith come in, please."

"I can see now how you were operating," Barrett said. "You had your eye on her all along. First, you talked me into getting interested in the horses so she'd give me up and then you began to take an interest in the way she dressed and got her to fix herself up like a glamor gal and then . . ."

Miss Smith entered on this line and cut him down with a single, heavily-frosted glance.

"Yes, Mr. Tomlinson?" she said, her pad and pencil ready in her hand.

"One question, Miss Smith," I said. "Are you in love with me?"

"Yes," she said and her eyes didn't waver.

"Why?" I demanded.

She was game, I will give her that. "Because I know that you're not the kind of person you're trying to be. You're not cynical and cold the way you act. Underneath you're warm and thoughtful and kind. You must have been terribly hurt at some time and now you need tenderness and love."

Her eyes were moist and I looked at Barrett but he was observing the ceiling with commendable detachment.

I finished the glass of water before I spoke. "I am deeply touched by that, Miss Smith—Emily, under the circumstances. Deeply touched. But your theory about me, and I'm sure Mr. Barrett will concur in this, is quite wrong. You are also quite wrong about yourself and your motives. You think of yourself as a pillar of strength, a secure harbor for the poor battered hulk that is man. Lean on me, is your motto. Bah!" I said and made a good deal of it. "What you really are, Emily, is a very silly and not particularly bright young girl who wants des-

perately to have some big strong male to look after her."

At that, not surprisingly, she was crying.

"You see," I said and waved an arm. "Weeping like a school girl."

At this point Barrett went into action. I saw him coming and stood up and took his haymaker, going away, on the back of my head. I went to the floor where, thanks to the deep nap of the rug, I was not particularly uncomfortable.

"Now you can see what a skunk he really is," Barrett said, huskily.

"Oh, yes, Bill. I've been a fool."

I opened an eye and observed the embrace that followed. It was traditional in all its details, even to the patting, by Barrett, of her shoulder.

"I should have forced you to marry me," he said.

"You don't need to now and I don't care about your gambling."

"I'm over three hundred dollars ahead now."

"That's wonderful, dear."

"Of course, it's all on paper. I never really bet."

"What?"

Miss Smith and I said the word together. I had sat up at his electrifying announcement.

"Betting is wrong," he said. "I'm only interested in the problem."

"You cad!" I said with open disgust.

"But if your system is working, dear, I don't see . . ." Emily began.

"It's a question of right or wrong," he said, fixing her with his eye.

"Of course, darling."

He turned to me. "I suppose I'm fired."

"Certainly."

"Anyway, I want to apologize. I can see you were really trying to help us. Thanks a lot."

"Now you really are fired," I said.

"You can see he's still joking, Bill," she said. "I'll always be fond of you, Mr. Tomlinson."

"Get out of here! Both of you!" I shouted, getting to my feet.

"We're going," she said and pulled him to the door.

The phone rang and it was the Chicago client.

"I've got a private matter I'd like to get your advice on, Tommy," the man said.

I felt like screaming into the instrument but he was a very important client. "What is your problem, old man?" I asked weakly.

"YOU CAD!" I SAID WITH OPEN DISGUST.







## ***Fish in the Southwest present a new problem.***

**L**AST season, while making the rounds of the trout and bass hot spots in the Southwest, I came across a publication on the fishing in those parts. I found it very enlightening and was learning more with each succeeding page. In fact, we were getting along just fine, the little book and I, until it mentioned trout in the Hondo River. That stopped me. I didn't read further. Maybe you've heard of that mythical critter, the ketchaloo fish, that swims backward to keep the water out of his eyes. Well, perhaps he would be at home in the Hondo, except for a bit of dust in his eyes, for there is no water in the Hondo.

Water is to people in the Southwest what mere gold is to some folks. There's plenty of land down there—New Mexico alone would cover New England like a Navajo blanket—but it's not good for much, except its strange beauty, until it gets water. When it is irrigated, though, the pent-up energy of centuries is turned loose and it blooms with a vengeance, as though to make up for lost time. Water is precious, and what there is of it is used efficiently.

It was with the idea of capturing the Spring run-off and conserving the water for future use that the Hondo Reservoir was built. You haven't heard much about the Hondo Reservoir. No one has. It's not talked of because there's not much to say. The dam was built, and the silt catch-basins were built, and everything was ready for the Hondo and Nature to do their part and fill the reservoir to the brim with life-giving water. But they didn't cooperate. The Hondo went right out the bottom of the reservoir, like a snake down its hole. That was all some years ago, and now the Hondo Reservoir looks large and lonely out in the desert, as deso-

late and deserted as the monumental works of a lost civilization. With the failure of the reservoir, irrigators tapped the river upstream, and now a person can strike a match 'most anywhere on the rocky bottom, even where trout undoubtedly once lived.

**F**ISHING in the Southwest presents a different problem from most other sections of this great country of ours. Up north there are often too many lakes and rivers from which to choose. Some are good and others aren't, but it's a forbidding task to attempt to investigate them all. In the Southwest it's simple: it's merely a question of finding water—permanent water, that is. But finding water isn't just a matter of looking at a map and picking out an indicated river. There are places and times that even the mighty Pecos, fabled in song and story, can be waded dry with rubber-soled shoes.

But where there is suitable water—and, fortunately, there is plenty of it for those who know where to look—the year-around sun of the area produces an amazing growth of fish, unlike anything known farther north where the fish are practically dormant during the winter half of the year.

And now I propose to tell where this water is—where to go fishing in the Southwest—with the fervent hope that none of the rivers or lakes I mention has dried up like the Hondo.

In general, there are two classes of fishing waters in this semi-desert area: one is man-made as a by-product of irrigation reservoirs, and the other is the natural water found in the high country. The most spectacular, perhaps, is in the first category and has been produced by the

large valley reservoirs, like Elephant Butte on the Rio Grande or Hoover on the Colorado.

There's some gosh-awful fishing in Elephant Butte. I ran onto it quite by accident. I stopped to get a tire patched in the little boom town of Hot Springs, New Mexico, and overheard a couple of fellows talking about the fishing in the nearby reservoir.

"Did you hear about the 18-pound catfish they caught last night?" asked the garage mechanic.

"Eighteen pounds!" exclaimed the second fellow. "I didn't know they grew that big!"

"Sure," said the mechanic. "Why, a couple of days ago a fellow caught a 27-pound bass."

"Of course. Twenty-seven-pound bass. Of course," said the second man, not to be outdone twice in the same evening, "but I didn't know catfish grew to 18 pounds."

I don't know who was kidding whom. Maybe it was a routine they pull in front of strangers to be sure they are properly impressed. I doubt if they catch 18-pound catfish and I know very well that they don't catch 27-pound bass. No black bass yet has ever grown to 27 pounds and never will, even in Elephant Butte.

However, I must admit the conversation prompted me to investigate the situation pronto. It turns out that Elephant Butte, like Lake Mead above Hoover Dam, does provide bass fishing of the very highest order. Eight- and ten-pounders are taken consistently, and that's some bass fishing.

While on the subject of bass fishing, the most remarkable of all, with the possible exception of some of Florida's bigmouth waters, is produced by a similar situation not too far away. This is Don Martine Dam across the border in Mexico. The Mexican government allows commercial fishing of an unlimited variety

*(Continued on page 24)*



# IT'S A MAN'S WORLD



BY DICKSON HARTWELL

**A**LMOST two years ago I published here the secret recipe of Metropolitan Opera star-emeritus Mario Chamlee for a delectable concoction known as *chicken Chamlee*, which so far as I'm concerned is man's supreme achievement in making our little feathered friends edible. Since then I've had a stream of requests for the recipe from people who have mislaid it or heard about it via the grapevine. For the benefit of those who came in late—and any others who would like to drool through the next paragraph—the recipe is herewith repeated.

Cut a plump young chicken into pieces for frying, roll in flour and season lightly with salt, pepper, powdered thyme and mace. Brown these pieces in a frying pan containing  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch of good olive oil. Remove browned pieces and to the olive oil add 1 clove of garlic, 2 cups of any domestic white wine, 1 cup of domestic sherry, and a cup of chicken broth—or ordinary broth from a bouillon cube will do in a pinch. Allow this gluck to simmer for a moment so it is thoroughly mixed. Remove the garlic clove; its work is done. Put the chicken into a casserole (or the bottom of a broiling pan will do) pour the gluck over it and bake in a 350-degree oven for about an hour, depending on the size of the bird. While baking, ladle the gluck over the chicken every fifteen minutes so it will thoroughly permeate the flesh. Serve piping hot, with gluck used as gravy, and watch your guests scream with delight.

So great will be your zest for this dish that it would be unwise to wear the new Easter wardrobe while eating it. I'm assuming you'll have a new Easter outfit, there being only

two times when a man should shoot the works on his clothes, Easter and when he gets married. Most important item in the Easter wardrobe is the necktie, that string of silk uselessness to which Father's Day is dedicated. The tie is important because it is usually the first thing about you anyone sees, unless you have a flowing white beard, in which case what they notice first about you is your shoes.

The main concern in picking a tie is that it should be either as colorful as French wallpaper or as simple and unobtrusive as a choir boy singing a duet with Lauritz Melchior. The trouble with many ties is that they fall halfway between. You never know whether they are going to shout or murmur and people stand around nervously anticipating something from them that never happens. Probably contributes to the alarming increase in schizophrenia.

**T**IME was when it required an expert to distinguish between a tie that was "loud" and one that was not. Most men took the reasonable position that the ties their wives gave them were the loud ones and these were the ones they never wore. This was simple and effective and everybody seemed satisfied, but after the recent war something happened to this country. Otherwise normal men started buying ties that looked like a Ray Milland nightmare in Technicolor. Men who once thought a touch of blue was dashing wore weird designs in circus splashes of red and vermilion surrounded by pink and cerise cartwheels, the whole being cross-hatched in graduated shades of green. And the garish hand-painted ties made a Covarrubias mural look

like the wall of a Sing Sing prison cell. Immediately it became possible to tell precisely which ties were loud. The problem was to keep from being blinded as well as deafened by them.

Unfortunately, a large number of men don't quite have what it takes to wear one of these creations. Nor do they have the personality to shine out over a conservative tie. They begin wearing something "in between"—like a few sunbursts of yellow tipped with orange on a field of bland mauve. So they go around town giving innocent people schizophrenia.

Make your Easter tie as calm as a Spring breeze or as wild as a tropical hurricane but don't make it merely a color delineation of an East Indian sunset.

Speaking of Easter clothing, have you seen the latest thing in Spanish breastplate armor? Believe it or not, you can, if you hurry, get an engraved breastplate like you saw in the movie, "Henry V"—only that one was actually used in 1580—for as little as \$30, or just about what an ordinary cloth vest costs today. To go with it for a mere \$35 you can secure a fancy steel helmet which was *de rigueur* during the time of Oliver Cromwell. These are not for the Easter parade (though you'll see worse this year on Fifth Avenue); they are for the den, or wherever a touch of rich, Old World charm is needed around the house. The breastplate can be used in even a modest home as a wall decoration with two swords crossed behind it. A couple of rapiers of the same period with thirty-two-inch blades would run around \$40. If this seems somewhat unconventional, remember it was only a generation ago that such decorations were essential to any well-furnished, upper class home.

For about \$16.50 you can purchase a bull fighter's rapier, a XVII Century dueling sword, a sword used by a British officer in the American Revolution, a brass-hilted Austrian short sword or a horn-hilted Turkish scimitar. A less interesting collection can be had for around \$12 each and will include a Philippino bolo and a cutlass used during the Civil War.

A lot of ex-GI's who were out in the Pacific—and a few who weren't—get the same effect of ancient sword decorations with Japanese swords and daggers. These can be purchased from about \$22 for a Jap short sword in a red lacquer scabbard, to \$30 and up for a Samurai sword. There is even on the market, for the modest sum of \$150, a Jap Samurai sword which belonged to former Premier Tojo. It has a leather-covered scabbard, gold mountings and a blade 400 years old—plus an affidavit of authenticity from the GI who liberated it out of Tojo's house when our troops entered Tokyo.

But the cream of the den decorations is found in the ancient battle axes. One, for example, is called a helmet crusher and resembles a small pick with blunt ends. Mounted knights rode up to their opponent,

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# What America is Reading

BY ALBERT HUBBELL

**Raintree County has the biggest, noisiest and longest flashbacks of any novel in years.**

MY FIRST audible reaction upon finishing Ross Lockridge, Jr.'s novel, *Raintree County*, was a prolonged, "Whew!" The exclamation was more one of relief, I'm afraid, than of admiration. But there was a certain amount of awe in it, too, for I had just hacked my way through a jungle of 1066 pages of printed matter which, setting out to narrate the events of one Fourth of July, 1892, in Raintree County, a mythical part of the State of Indiana (or the State of Exhaustion), had in a giddy series of flashbacks, crammed in the whole history of the nation during the preceding half-century. I was out for the count.

*Raintree County*, as the reviewing boys might say (and plenty have, and plenty more will) is a vast, sprawling, epic, panoramic tale, painted on a broad canvas and embodying the titanic struggle of a young and vigorous people for liberty, progress and—well, you know the kind of thing I mean. It has brought honors to its youthful author—a nice nod from The Book of the Month Club and a whole freight-car-load of silver dollars from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, among others—and is destined to be a howling best-seller. It is also, to my mind, quite a terrible book. In the main, it's pretentious and sentimental to a maudlin degree; it fairly bathes in bathos and melodrama and is written in a bastard style whose father must have been a phony Thomas Wolfe masquerading as James Joyce.

Yet somewhere, under the husk, like the meat in a coconut, there is a story and a talent. Peel off the hyperbole, prune away the throbbing, pulsating prose-poetry and the meretricious symbolism, reduce by one-fourth, and you might find quite a decent little book. I suspect that if Mr. Lockridge had taken seven months to write his first novel, instead of the seven years it did take him, *Raintree County* would have been something more like it. But then, of course, it probably wouldn't have copped the

MGM Novel Award which, I understand, is given according to weight and over-all dimensions.

The chief character in the book is John Wickliff Shawnessy, principal of the local school, a poet of sorts, a lover of the classics and of several women and who, in his youth, got around considerably. If you look at the years spanned by the novel—1844-1892—you'll suspect that dat ole debbil Civil War must be in there somewhere, and you'd be right. Johnny Shawnessy was in it: Johnny was at Chickamauga; he fought on Missionary Ridge; as one of Sherman's boys he helped tear Atlanta apart and burn it and he was wounded almost in sight of the flaming State House in Columbus, Georgia. Later, in a Washington hospital, Johnny talked to a tall, kindly, homely, sorrowful, bearded man in a stove-pipe hat who was visiting the sick and dying soldiers (guess who that was). And once Johnny noticed a fellow who went among the wounded boys, listening to their homesick stories, writing letters for them and generally being a comfort. The man's name was Whitman—Walt Whitman, someone told Johnny. To crown all, Johnny, in company with Professor Jerusalem Webster Stiles, one of the better-realized of the novel's characters, celebrates Union victory and his release from hospital



One of the charming end papers from *Raintree County* by Ross Lockridge, Jr.

by an evening at Ford's Theater, where a play called *Our American Cousin* is being given on the night of April 14, 1865, and which, so 'twas said, the President might attend. Ah, me. What will they think of next?

Well, there you have a suggestion, just the merest suggestion, of what the book is about. It also gets around, taking a few things at random, to John Brown at Harpers Ferry, Abolition, the Philadelphia Centennial of '76, life on the frontier, life in New Orleans, the Custer Massacre, the Great Railroad Strike of 1877, and good old Sex. There's no earthquake in it, but Mr. Lockridge can write another book, can't he?

As said before, there is some good, plain, un-souped-up story-telling in *Raintree County*, but you'll have to look for it. As part of his ambitious scheme in mapping out the book, the author has provided no less than three chronologies of events and flashbacks to help his poor readers find their way about. If you are curious, you might use the chronological table of flashbacks and look up the ones that deal with the young Johnny's career as a Union soldier. There is some good writing in those chapters which will reward you. The rest, for the most part, you can skip with a light heart. (*Raintree County*, Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75)

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Drawn by Boris Artzybasheff for the Colorado Fuel and Iron Corporation.

ARTZYBASHEFF

BY JOHN L. SPRINGER

# ROBOT

ON

THE PAYROLL

*Boosted by the war, the machine is taking over in our peacetime economy.*





it does today in American industry.

The war, of course, made it necessary for industrialists to find ways of turning out more goods on less manpower. They were forced to look for machine short-cuts. A host was developed and given wide application, and now the peacetime economy is reaping the fruits.

I have talked with industrial engineers whose specialties cover virtually the whole face of America's industrial economy. They agree that it would be difficult to find a major industry just now which is not undergoing, or preparing to undergo, important internal changes to take advantage of the labor-saving machine. Running down the list from automobiles to zinc, you find case after case of jobs made unnecessary, of hours of manual labor saved, of production increased ten, a hundred or a thousand times by iron monsters of assorted sizes and shapes. Sometimes the labor saving may appear trivial, since there is no single, spectacular instance that can show the machine's impact on the whole U. S. factory front. The picture comes into focus only when one realizes that many hundreds of "typical" examples can be cited. Here are but a few:

In the State of Washington, many dairies are introducing "production line" systems to save 25 per cent in manpower. Once the milk is delivered from the farm, all stages in its production, including sterilization, are handled in a "continuous flow".

A Philadelphia bakery has installed a 1,000-foot-long system, equipped with sensitive temperature controls. At one end there is the mixed dough; at the other—with no human interference along the way—there are packaged cookies, ready for the consumer.

A pharmaceutical plant has installed a series of mechanized "hands" to perform its packaging chores. In this factory, devices pick up bottles of drugs, deposit them in individual packages, add circulars and other reading matter and drop-pers, stack the packages in cartons and then seal the cartons and deliver them to the outgoing department. Until recently, a large crew of girls was employed in these tasks; now there are none.

As an experiment, a 12-page weekly in Florida, the *Leesburg Commercial Ledger*, has been using a printing process for months which does away entirely with linotype machines, matrices or stereotype plates. By means of this process, reading matter is set in type by proportional spacing typewriters. From the typewriters the type goes directly to the make-up boards and then is engraved on light magnesium plates installed directly on presses.

An "automatic teller", which does away with the traditional pass book but automatically registers deposits on a journal tape and prints a receipt for the customer, has been installed

in several banks across the nation. Reports of the device in operation say it not only cuts bank costs but also saves 20 per cent of the customer's time.

A Pittsburgh construction firm has developed a process for making aluminum or stainless steel wall panels for prefabricated houses. A crew of five men can fasten the panels to the structural framework of the house. Getting all the sides up on a medium-sized building is less than half a day's work.

A new type of device is being used in an open hearth furnace in which thousands of tons of molten metal are processed for the future manufacturing of automobiles, stoves, locomotives and huge machinery. This new device, called a thermo-couple, eliminates 25 to 30 years of worker experience, which previously was required for an operator to judge by sight alone whether the furnace temperature was at the required heat for the process.

One big factor in the super-step being taken by machines, of course, is the electronics industry. Before the war, the public had a good opportunity to get acquainted with the "electric eye"—the little gadget that opened doors automatically when a light beam was broken. There were numerous other electronic applications in 1941 as well, but the war brought advances little short of revolutionary. You could mention the spreading development of radar and prove your case right there.

ANY human being whose job depends entirely on one of his senses—seeing, smelling, touching, tasting, hearing—seems destined, sooner or later, to vacate his work bench to an electronic device. That seems like a harsh prospect, but the fact is that the senses man has developed mechanically far surpass in breadth and sensitivity any he has been able to come by naturally.

Here are every-day samples of the eye and its brothers—the ear, the nose and the fingers—at work: In a razor blade factory, the accuracy of the cutting edges of blades is measured at better than a hundred thousandths of an inch. In a paint factory, an alarm is screamed the instant smoke comes across their path (more than one paint factory has started well on its way to the ground waiting for humans to smell the smoke). In a food plant, they sort beans, letting those that conform to the rigid standards of the plant go by, but reaching out instantly to thrust inferior ones into a rejection bin.

Those enormous calculating machines which can solve in a few seconds questions which consume months or years of the time of trained mathematicians likewise are electronic devices—as is the range installed in the kitchen of a Boston hotel. This range can cook a thick

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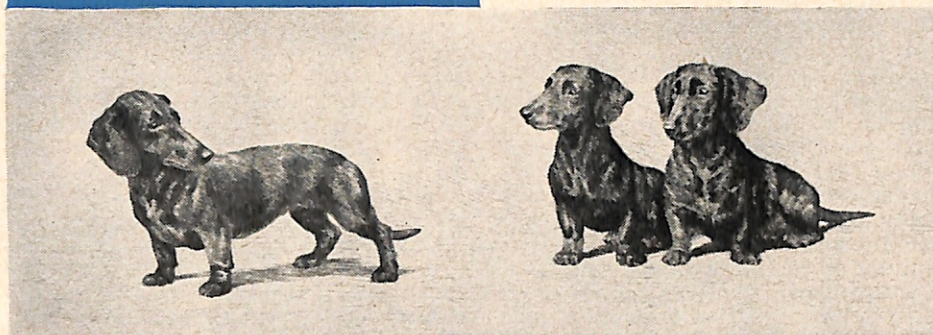
**P**ERSONNEL officials the country over still are polishing "help wanted" signs on their front doors, and the Department of Labor continues to report employment levels at their all-time peaks. As a result, there has not been much attention paid to the striking gains being made by what many economists call the most important factor in the whole production system, and the key to the nation's prosperity.

The simple fact is that the machine is taking over. There are few things on which you can get economists and industrial experts to agree, but all heads nod at the statement that never has the labor-saving device held the keystone place that



# IN THE DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



Dachshunds Etching by Marguerite Kirmse Cole

## Mr. Faust tells us all dogs possess instincts which amaze and confound the layman.

LIKE those people who go into verbal tailspins and every so often talk about the mysterious sixth sense they think Fido possesses. I like them because this usually indicates a fondness for dogs. Such wishful thinking does no one any harm, but actually some of those mysterious things the pup does are premised simply on his remarkable hearing and scenting ability, and the use of instincts which, through disuse, have been long forgotten by civilized humans. Among certain primitive people today, some of those instincts still live and are put to work daily. Many can track game as well as dogs can, and many have hearing and scenting powers to a remarkable degree.

Other forms of animal life possess instincts causing behavior which has baffled science seeking to determine their origin. There doesn't live a man or woman who has found out conclusively what enables the homing pigeon to find its way back from places many miles away. This reminds me of the news story about the bird that hung up what is believed to be a world's record, having flown from Arras, France, to Indo-China—7,200 miles—in 24 days. And who knows what makes the wild goose or wild duck unerringly find its way to the same nesting grounds year after year, or what prompts the salmon to swim upstream to spawn each year?

Only in recent years was it discovered what enables the bat to fly in caves that are totally dark without colliding with the walls. The secret of this ability is said to be in the bat's remarkably sensitive hearing: as it flies, it emits small sounds that are echoed back to the bat's ears when the sounds strike against an obstacle

—a sort of natural radar. The bat's hearing is attuned to no less than 98,000 cycles, or vibrations, per second. Fido is down around 35,000 cycles, while we ordinary mortals, if our hearing is very good, shuffle along with 20,000 cycles. As you know, cycles, or vibrations, in relation to hearing denote the number of times per second a given sound strikes the hearing apparatus. The greater number of cycles, the more high-pitched the sound. This explains why the pooch, if his hearing hasn't been impaired, can detect or hear things that are not heard by you—sounds pitched so high that you don't know they exist. There is now back on the market a "silent" dog whistle that can be tuned so high that you cannot hear the sound, although your dog can. Our friend Fido's savvy boils down to the use he makes of those faculties that Nature gave him and, I may add, how intelligently he employs them.

Here is a man who should know, if anyone does—Fairfield Osborn, head of the New York Zoological Society, Bronx Park Zoo. He says, "Anyone who studies animals meets with endless surprises as to the things they do which are clearly outside the realm of pure instinct and definitely in the area of this fringe of intelligence." This is not original with Mr. Osborn, who is quoting from a book, "Creative Evolution", by Henry Bergson, eminent scientist, in substantiation of his own discoveries from experience with animals. Mr. Bergson writes further: "There is no intelligence in which some trace of instinct is not to be discovered—more especially, no instinct that is not surrounded with the fringe of intelligence." Mr. Osborn adds that, since

Bergson's book was written, much experimental work with animals has been done and very much has been added to the understanding of animal intelligence. He says that the degree to which animals are able to make use of artificial devices, such as wooded lanes, are not a sure indication of their intelligence.

WHILE all dogs possess the same instincts, all do not put their instincts to work with the same degree of intelligence. All dogs, even the toy dogs, have the instinct to hunt, but all of them do not hunt equally well. Some can locate, track and bring down game without a single lesson and some will do this from puppyhood. There are others which never become efficient in the field.

The long association of dogs with human beings has done much to take most dogs out of the dunce division. Way back yonder, when the cave-man and his dog wanted to eat, they had to hunt. It is probably true that both realized that as a team they were much more effective than when hunting individually. The dog's nose and hearing enabled him to locate game long before his partner found it. Being tougher, and smaller, and quicker, enabled the dog to run down the game and rout it out from places that man couldn't penetrate. The man's contribution was his superior size and ability to kill safely from a distance.

Many years later, when men began to raise animals and became herders, the dog willingly assumed the role of assistant. There's scarcely a person who doesn't know that many pups earn their daily dinner-pail by chaperoning cattle or sheep. When that restless critter, Man, finally did settle down to agriculture, his dog went along with him to become a self-appointed watchman for the farm and household. There isn't a better animal guardian of human life or property than the dog, and, incidentally, he is the only domestic animal that will defend his master's life and property. For this reason, you can search where you will and never find a man-and-animal bond as strong. In it is seen the nearest approach to communication between human being and animal.

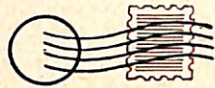
"How come," you'll ask, "if Fido is such a smart galoot, he hasn't learned to talk?" And there you have something, because the dog's inability to speak is one of the many mysteries of Nature; its vocal equipment is identical with that of man. However, you needn't doubt for a moment that dogs and other animals communicate with each other. If Fido's master is smart and observant, he'll find that dogs do convey their emotions, their happiness, their hopes and their fears. The intelligent pup goes farther and learns to detect its master's emotions, is sympathetic to human sorrow, happiness, anger or fear.

The dog, too, is the only animal that gets official recognition for in-

(Continued on page 28)



# ELK



## PANEL OF PUBLIC OPINION

**Panel members do not seem to be particularly worried about the effect of the comics.**

**D**EPARTING this month from the serious vein, we are going to deal with a problem of lesser, perhaps even lighter, consequence than the international situation or the national economy—the comics. However, we believe that there are a great number of adults who regard the subject with much concern. As you know, there has been a lot of talk about the effect that the comic books and funny papers may, or may not, have on the younger generation. Admittedly, the clean, really funny comic book or strip serves a well-defined purpose in entertaining the juvenile. However, all of them are not comical and the question of their influence as a whole is of sufficient importance to be the subject of this month's poll. For this reason, we asked the Exalted Rulers and District Deputies who comprise the Panel membership two questions, allowing for three varying shades of opinion for each.

### QUESTION NO. 1

**WHAT EFFECT DO YOU THINK THE COMIC BOOKS HAVE ON THE YOUNGER GENERATION?**

Good .....	12%
Harmless .....	48%
Harmful .....	33%
No Opinion .....	7%

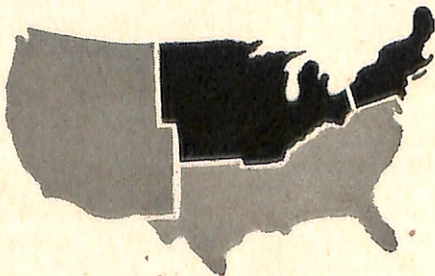
### QUESTION NO. 2

**WHAT EFFECT DO YOU THINK THE FUNNY PAPERS HAVE ON THE YOUNGER GENERATION?**

Good .....	20%
Harmless .....	56%
Harmful .....	15%
No Opinion .....	9%

As will be noted, the general impression is that both comic books and funny papers are harmless, although the funny papers are regarded more favorably.

Included at the right is the regional map which indicates the four geographical areas into which the 48 States are divided for purposes of analysis. These four divisions are: North, East, South and West. It may be added that several ballots are received from such places as Puerto Rico, Alaska, District of Columbia and Hawaii. Since it is impossible to make a separate calculation for just one ballot in a particular area, each has been apportioned



to the geographical area nearest to it, as shown on the map on this page.

It is interesting to note the differences of opinion registered by Panel members in the four geographical areas. Here is the breakdown of the answers to Question No. 1 when the replies were tabulated sectionally:

	Good	Harm- less	Harm- ful
12 Northern States .....	14%	53%	33%
9 Eastern States .....	10%	51%	39%
16 Southern States .....	19%	55%	26%
11 Western States .....	9%	43%	48%

Now let's take a look at the preferences of Panel members for, or against, the funnies by analyzing the replies to Question No. 2 on a sectional basis.

	Good	Harm- less	Harm- ful
12 Northern States .....	20%	63%	17%
9 Eastern States .....	22%	61%	17%
16 Southern States .....	29%	60%	11%
11 Western States .....	16%	61%	23%

### COMMENTS:

Clean comics are education. Blood and thunder types are detrimental.

Motion pictures showing criminals beating the law are more harmful.

To both questions I answer, "good". But not comics pertaining to crime.

Humor—good effect.

Improve reading ability. Stimulate imagination.

They give children visual education, which appeals to them.

Funny books portraying lurid crime definitely bad. Should be eliminated.

Children will outgrow the books, but usually stay with the funny papers.

They started well, but went too far.

Blood and thunder types particularly bad. We have seen the evidence in our own child.

Not harmful if read with proper adult guidance. Should have more of the historical type of comic, or the general educational type.

When can illustrated comedy be harmful? Observation of youngsters generally leads me to believe so-called comic books tend to increase nervousness, lack of manners and restraint, fulfilling no desirable need. Funny papers are not so objectionable, but few are left.

Too much crime and not enough old-fashioned comics. Stimulates their imagination. Moral code is rarely bad, for the hero always comes out on top.



# Gadget and Gimmick

## DEPARTMENT

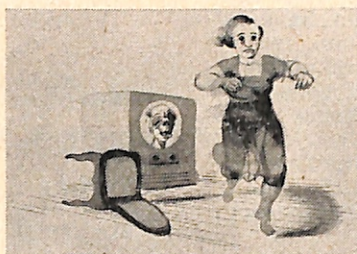


**O**RDINARY clothes brushes are, I'm afraid, a complete failure. Take a frinstance: You stand in the middle of the floor in your dark blue suit. It has been hanging quietly in the closet for three days and has gathered a commendable amount of lint. Hearing your screams of rage your wife hurries in with the clothes brush and begins to dust you off. Hours pass. The lint is moved about on the suit, forming delightful patterns, but the point is, the lint stays on for a maddening length of time. Finally the suit is clean and away you go but without your good wife who, by this time, is too exhausted to go to the Gorchley's party. You can't win. But those were ordinary clothes brushes. Here is an extraordinary one. It is a long-bristled, stiff-bristled, heavy, lint-chasing clothes brush that was designed for anything up to and including caked and dried mud on pants cuffs or riding britches. To horse, to horse!



**O**UT California way some time ago a young couple awoke one morning to find oil bubbling up in their backyard to the tune of nearly five hundred dollars a day. Their enthusiasm was dampened somewhat, however, when they discovered they could not cash in on it; in fact, if they tried to cash in on it, they were liable to prosecution by some disgusting city ordinance. That situation was heart rending and our own hearts, I know, and empty pocket books go out to the unfortunate youngsters who found the pot of gold only to have it snatched from their unbelieving grasp. But if any of you can get around the legal difficulties involved

and want to dig for oil at one time or another, here is just the thing for you. It's a portable drilling rig that can be fitted on a single truck and trailer unit. The rig, when set up, is 12 stories high and weighs 18 tons. Give it to Junior for a birthday present and let him play in the backyard with it. Who knows? He might strike oil.



**P**EOPLE who own television sets have lots of friends. They find, if they keep charts, that they have many more friends during the World Series and the football season than at any other time of the year. The aggressive type of television-fiend pushes to a front seat and gets a clear view of what transpires. The more timid people and the hosts themselves rarely, if ever, see the televised event. It is either because television screens are too small or people are too large; take your choice. Since little can be done in the near future to make people smaller, one company has done something about the size of the image on a television screen. They have made a lens that can be installed on a 52-square-inch screen that increases the size of the image to more than 150 square inches. Move over, chum, the game's begun.



**S**PORT fishermen are a strange race of people. No one has really studied them and discovered the "why" of a fisherman anyway. But they can be pleased with a little forethought and then be permitted to return to their endless talk of different

types of flies, line weights and such stuff. If you are one of these people here is a thing you can bludgeon your wife into getting for you, come Father's Day or your next birthday. It is a handsome electric clock with a square face and an ebony base. The numerals are real trout flies enclosed in lucite discs. The hands of the clock are fishing-pole tops. All in all, it would make a good clock for a game room or fishing lodge, or, for that matter, simply a good clock by which to tell the time.



**H**ERE'S just the thing for gentlemen who come in after dark. Instead of fumbling with the key to your front door, entering and stumbling around in a pitch-black house, all you need to do is flick on the tiny flashlight at the other end of this sterling silver key chain. Its small but adequate beam will guide you unerringly to bed without waking the wife, the dog and your twelve children. This same small flashlight on a key chain can help you peruse a theater program, check thermostats and fuel gauges in otherwise dark corners and assist in a hundred other less probable ways.



**O**FFHAND I should say about half the male population of this country is rushing hither and yon on business trips at any given time of day or night. They would like to stay at home but they have to go on these trips to make enough money to keep the home they want to stay in but can't stay in because they have to make money. You see? Well, that's how it is, anyway. And who hasn't seen distraught men carrying suitcase and brief case across station platform and air terminal, huffing and puffing to make connections? They must have a brief case and a suitcase but there is no reason on earth why there must be two separate articles of luggage. Here's the thing: It is a combination suitcase-brief case. The inside top of the suitcase

(Continued on page 29)



## Is the Ring True?

(Continued from page 6)

her husband. At Madison Square Garden, "Fraud!" was bellowed from the cheap seats and the ringside because Lamotta, a seasoned and supposedly wise campaigner, stuck his belligerent features out for Billy to bludgeon at his convenience. You would have to know Jake Lamotta to understand that in his desperation and embarrassment it was psychologically impossible for him to do anything else.

**J**AKE is one of those high-caste gladiators who can afford 153 suits of clothes and is for that reason alone a big man in his section of the Bronx. His realty holdings, if as sizable as frequently reported, would indicate that the punches have assisted, more than they have hindered, the inside of his head. However, it is as the proprietor of the Park Arena that Jake has attained the role that suits him best. The Park Arena is a blood-pit on 163rd Street, Bronx, that was once a neighborhood movie house. When all the lights are on one is able to see a domed ceiling full of blue sky that was wrought in loveliness years before for dreams with Norma Shearer. Otherwise it ain't the same. The movie house seats have long been ripped from the floor. The ring is not where the screen used to be, but plumb in the center of things, as it should be, and on Tuesday nights it costs three dollars and a half to sit up front where the hair and sweat are flying. As the seatings recede, of course, the price diminishes, but S. R. O. is the rule at Park Arena.

Jake presides here in the manner most dear to him. No pool hall could possibly provide as suitable a frame for him. He is not a meatball here; he is a host, with a tacit understanding between himself and following that he could, should the necessity arise, lick any bum in the house. At about 8:30, when the first of the preliminary boys climb into the ring, Jake manages to be at Row One, Ringside—not seated, of course, but standing. This affords even the humblest patron in the farthest seat a glimpse of him. "There's Jake!" they yell. "Hey, Jake! It's Jake Lamotta—Jakie, boy!"

You think that's not important? You think it isn't bread and wine? Well, then, you haven't seen him there. The toughest guy in the world, at 160 pounds. "Punches don't mean nuttin' to 'im. Jake get hoit? Don't make me laugh!"

Not to labor the case, but because the Lamotta-Fox affair will remain debated and unresolved for years as Exhibit "A", let me say that I believe it was fought on its merits. I don't think Jake ever put his "invincibility" up for sale. Pride is a cardinal sin of which he appears to be guilty and the fact remains that he took enough punches on the chin

## When a feller needs a favor



**Y**our organization has offered to help in every way possible the recruiting for the Army and Air Force. Here are some features of Air Force enlistment you can explain to a young man you may have in mind.

If he is not a high school graduate, but 18 to 34 and physically and mentally qualified, he may enlist right now. Once in the Air Force, he may take courses under the U. S. Armed Forces Institute to complete his high school education. And, if he is then between 20½ and 28, he can apply for Officer Candidate School.

If he is a high school graduate: he can enlist for three years and select and be accepted for a Specialist School *before he enlists!* He can apply for Officer Candidate School. Or after completing two years of college courses under the Armed Forces Institute, if he is then single and between 20 and 26½ years old, he may become eligible for Aviation Cadet training.

If he has had two years of college or the equivalent: he is eligible for all of the foregoing choices or may apply *immediately* for Aviation Cadet pilot training.

If he is a Veteran of any of the Armed Forces, and held one of the 300 occupational specialties now needed, he can enlist for three years in a grade commensurate with experience and ability. He may receive a grade as high as Technical Sergeant.

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to collapse a small building. There are easier ways to lose a fight.

It's worth remembering, too, that the man best fitted to judge the brawl, Frank Fullam, its referee, was satisfied throughout. It's altogether true that Fullam, one of the nation's ablest officials, was in his day—not so long ago, either—the cleverest middleweight boxer that man, beast or the angels have ever observed. The public does not, but the boys around Stillman's Gym remember that when Frankie Fullam was the National Amateur Champion, and throughout the less extended time he was a professional, he was so artful with his hands that guys like Lamotta couldn't touch him with a spray gun. His only professional liability was that his punch wasn't hard enough to knock the hat off a well-dressed woman. But for tactical adroitness and knowledge of his trade, Frank was the best in the world—Gene Tunney, Tommy Loughran and some others not excepted. To my knowledge he was never defeated. He fought as a pro during the depression years when purses were small and good opportunities few. Champions and near-champions in his division wanted no part of Fullam, whose cleverness would of necessity have made them look like madmen in pursuit of a six-foot moth. Yet with Fox-Lamotta, Fullam, an honest man, was clearly satisfied.

There had been pre-battle rumors of a sell-out, to be sure, but rumors of this kind have attended almost every fight fought in New York since the attempt to bribe Rocky Graziano. I suspect that the sportswriters, like Lamotta himself, had too great a faith in the young man's concrete jaw.

**R**EAL larceny? Well, the underworld influence has been apparent in boxing for many years. Fighters were known to be on cordial terms with Billy Duffy, an articulate and charming man who allegedly perpetrated the career of Primo Carnera on the gullible fans of the outlands in that period when Primo was being groomed as a monster. Primo was fed a diet of human meatballs with heels filed rounder than Humpty-Dumpty's. This was probably the pinnacle of fraud in the fight game and it is on Primo's career that Budd Schulberg, the Hollywood author, based his recent and best-selling novel *The Harder They Fall*.

Mr. Schulberg's fiction hardly exceeds the factual crimes committed against the earnest Primo and the paying customers. Mr. Schulberg employs a fresh cast of characters and the hero of his tragedy is an Argentinian, not an Italian. The stories, however, the true and the fiction, are amazingly parallel and an effective indictment of the manly art. Truth, however, is not too accurately served when people, closing this book and opening their eyes, exclaim with wonder, "So *this* is what boxing is like!"

Boxing is not like that. It is bad enough, in many instances, but not like that. The Carnera story remains unique. The money involved and the opportunities for mischief were great. Deception was greatly assisted by Nature. Primo was himself so vast that he could, by baring his red gums to the public, make them believe the least of his clumsy jabs was enough to render a grown man stiff as a plank. The adventures of Primo were, if criminal, also comical, and more closely resembled a wrestling tour than they did the barnstorming efforts of a fighter.

The present hobgoblin of the fight racket is a guy called Frankie Carbo. I do not know Mr. Carbo; he has never been to my house. He has only been arrested fifteen times and has never been convicted of anything graver than homicide; this, in 1930, and carrying with it a modest visit to Sing Sing of from two to four years. When he was arrested in 1928, for murder, nothing came of it, so that it may not be fair to speak of him too harshly.

Boxing's true criminal fringe doesn't feature bawdy, be-sweated fellows like Rocky Graziano. They are gentlemen more addicted to ten-dollar shirts and thirty-dollar hats. I have had the honor of being in a small-time dressing room with Marty Krompfer, for instance, a mobster of no small consequence. Such manners you'd wish your children had. Marty, who is credited with having controlled the affairs of Nathan Mann, a heavyweight, and other gladiators who prospered before the war, is a mild-appearing man as tastefully and carefully tailored as Adolph Menjou. If only because of his past association with the late Dutch Schultz, Marty rates as gangland royalty.

The fight game's troubles are basic and in the roots. By this we mean that it is fundamentally a brutal occupation. The rules are simple, and while they regulate, they do not eliminate the object shared by the two contestants: physical punishment, by crude or artful means, and the more the merrier. Boxing of necessity must draw its talent from the roughest and toughest and boldest of the nation's kids. Nice boys, as a rule, are not effective fighters with their fists. By "nice" we refer not to intrinsic values but to the manner in which the sons of the middle-class are raised. Ordinary kids, we mean, who have had the advantages of close home supervision, mothers to wipe the blood from their limbs and noses when they get in fights or fall down stairs. Kids who go to high school and do not get thrown out. And especially kids who go to college.

Examination of the record would seem to indicate that nothing will louse up a fighter like a college education. And this is surprising, considering that the colleges, with their facilities and broad athletic programs, including boxing, year after year produce the most glowing of our physical specimens. Football heroes, for instance, as nicely muscled as a

statue in the park. These young men we have produced by the hundred gross, all rising six feet and more above the ground and weighing from 180 to 225 pounds. Biceps like grapefruit. Intelligent, and for the most part, game enough. And almost unanimously in favor of making a million dollars.

For a million dollars is the bait a fight manager may legitimately hang before the eager nose of a boy who would like to be the next heavyweight champion. Many indeed have been the collegians who snapped at the bait, and all, alas, have wound up on their haircuts, disillusioned. We are able to recall only one football hero who in big-league fight competition could punch a fair hole through a paper kite. That was Steve Hamas, of Penn State, who climbed high enough to beat Max Schmeling and Tommy Loughran, and high enough, too, eventually to be half-murdered by Schmeling in pre-war Germany under circumstances not pleasant to recall. But Steve was first-rate. He could punch and absorb a punch. His brain didn't snap off like a light switch the first time he was hit. He was very good and very brave and yet not good enough.

**F**IGHTERS, real fighters, come out of the ghettos and the slums; they come from working-class tenements, the coal mines and, in some instances, the farmlands. The bulk of first-class fighting men are little men—almost stunted men, you might say—who, unlike football players, rarely grow beyond the stature or girth of middleweights. They are the masters of the trade who, like Benny Leonard, Johnny Dundee, Abe Attell, Tony Canzoneri, Ray Robinson and Rocky Graziano, fought from their first beginnings on city streets, for nickels, for boisterous fun, for sheer survival.

A remarkable thing is that fighters, generally speaking, are such nice guys. Authentic villains are rare among them. Sportsmanship, considering the conditions under which it must be displayed, is far more convincing in this harrowing racket than it is in baseball, football, ice-hockey, tennis, golf, or any of the major sports. Everyone has seen ballplayers sulk the length of a season because their batting averages have fallen off, golf players who will happily take a No. 2 iron to the head of an inexperienced caddie who happens to speak while the ball is being addressed, and football players who in the stress of conflict conspire and frequently succeed in breaking a leg or two among the opposition. Who, on the other hand, has not at least one hundred times seen fighters embrace in mutual respect and affection after ten rounds of reducing each other to stew meat? It is rare that their savage inclinations flare outside the ring. This is such a frequent and evident thing that it is worth examination.

Very likely mean guys don't like to be prize-fighters unless they can be



the very best in the world. Nasty natures seem unable to persevere in the face of the punishment that success in the fight game most always involves. The average meatball, in addition to a strong chin and the stomach of an ape, must have a philosophical attitude toward his work that bespeaks great patience and trust in his fellow men. Which leads to the greatest of prize ring evils: the exploitation of brave and optimistic kids. Because, if you think about it, only the brave and optimistic would be in such a damned fool business, anyhow.

Some action certainly should be taken in defense of strong but talentless boys in the pursuit of rainbows they'll never attain. This is not something which, like larceny, happens now and then. It happens all the time that there are kids taking beating after beating for a few hundred dollars which, while attractive in a boy's hand at the moment, will not in the by-and-by purchase enough aspirin to reduce the pains in his head. Strong attempts must be made to weed out the inept and chronic losers whose persistence in the fight game can do nothing but destroy them.

Another thing wrong with boxing is the licensing of seconds whose surgical techniques would louse up a butcher shop. Every night, perhaps a hundred times a night, somewhere, a second is performing minor surgery on the bleeding face of a healthy young man with hands that may not have been washed in a week. You can buy these guys for \$3.00 up. But here, to be fair, the abuses are fewer than before. State boxing commissions have enforced improvement. Ray Arcel and Whitey Bimstein, the best known handlers in the business, have already set high standards for their craft and could probably stem a flow of blood from a monkey's eye while riding upside-down on a flying trapeze.

What about fixed fights, with Fox-Lamotta excepted?

It would be nonsense to deny that some occur. There is an irreducible larceny that will never be erased. Often enough one man, by not trying too hard, is enough to fix a fight. He can just stumble around and manage to lose. In no case need the perfdy involve more men than two. It's a two-man sport, with the referee excepted, and if the act is capably performed, then justice has small recourse. Unlike an honest case of murder, no weapon can be traced. Unlike burglary, there is neither tangible loot nor witnesses to identify the culprit when the cops have picked him up. So if fighters want to be crooked, and are skilled in the art of the "dry-dive", detection by the casual customer is difficult. A happy and controlling factor, however, is that fighters are wretched actors and that a pre-arranged performance usually can be smelled from many miles away in the face of the strongest breeze.

It's nearly twenty years since Jack Delaney succumbed to Jack Sharkey

in round one under circumstances of which we recall little except that so many noses were held at the time one would have believed the arena at Madison Square Garden to be at least one fathom under water.

**A**NOTHER New York contest held at arm's length by knowing critics was an engagement involving Charley Phil Rosenberg, the bantam-weight champion, and a ferocious challenger named Eddie Shea on the evening of July 23, 1925. Again, we do not know the inner motives of these boys and can only quote more aged and mellowed *aficianados* who maintain that Shea, a truly talented pug, took a shallow dive in round four as a result of an unsmiling interview with interested parties bearing firearms. This contest was waged in the old Velodrome, beside the fruity waters of the Harlem, and people are still seeking to agree on which was fruitier, the Harlem or the fight.

But will someone name another?

Fair evidence is that fixed fights are infrequent. The majority are waged as earnestly as music at the White House. This in spite of crooks and money-hunger. And the reason, I think, can be found in the psychological twists of the contestants, many of whom have been and are my pals. The usual gladiator, with all his lack of gifts, is forever convinced that only ill fortune, a veal pie eaten three years before, or the wrong approach to his work has kept him from fame and fortune. Before each fight he persuades himself that he has found the magic formula. Otherwise, believe me, he could scarcely persist at the ordeal of his training or run himself into a puddle of sweat each morning at six when more rational people are home and fast asleep. He is apt to have a following, too. His pals, who thought he was Achilles re-born when he was bowling over the amateurs, still come and sit in the galleries and bellow, "Come on, Tony, Maxie, Willy, Benny, Joe!"

It's a fair question to ask, "What's the matter with boxing?" It's a rugged business and at times a dirty business. Fighters such as Jimmy Doyle and many less gifted boys get killed in the ring and too often these tragedies could have been avoided through closer medical examinations of the victims. And yet, contrary to current howls of alarm, boxing is a cleaner and better profession than it was some years ago. Reforms have been effected and many more will be made. Training methods have improved. State supervision is more expert and more benevolent. I don't think boxing should be abolished because of the incidental thievery of some. Better grounds for banishing the sport could be found in the honesty of the many who uncomplainingly thump one another's heads for small rewards and a future full of paper dolls. It's not good to get hit like that.

Dishonest people choose easier work.

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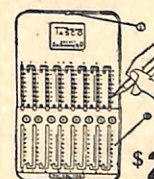
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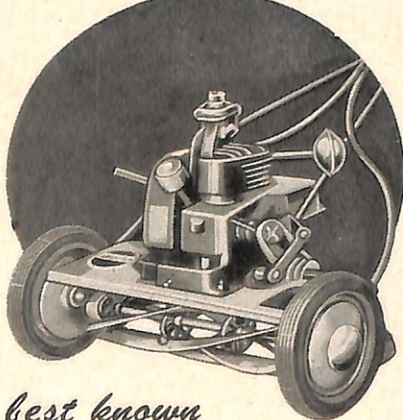
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# TURNTABLE TALK

BY CHARLES MILLER



I HAVE always been a sucker for night clubs, and I can think of few more pleasant (and rapid) ways of throwing away my hard-earned cash than by visiting some pretentious clip joint and watching a good floor show. Or even a bad one. However, when the paid performers surrender the floor to the amateurs, that's when I call for the check, since dancing in any public place these days involves offenses that would rate you the penalty box if you happened to have a hockey stick in your hands instead of a partner. I like to think of dancing (dancing, I said, not jitterbugging) as one of the few civilized forms of self-made entertainment left in the world, and believe that as such it should be done in places where each couple is permitted sufficient space to enjoy it. For this, there's no place like home, and the ingredients for a parlor clambake are not difficult to find. They include a rug (to roll back), a floor (usually found under the rug), a case of beer (or stronger), a phonograph, records, and some people (preferably of both sexes). These usually add up to a pleasant evening, and there's no cover or minimum unless you happen to be throwing a rent party. And this is a rather roundabout way of introducing some records which seem to me exceptionally fitted for home-brew dancing.

AN ALBUM called "Hollywood Melodies" (MGM 11) features Georgie Stoll, one of the Coast's more gifted arrangers, leading a studio band in a batch of tunes from what are not necessarily the world's greatest film offerings. But the songs need no apology. They include "You Were Meant For Me", "Blue Moon", "Temptation", "September in the Rain", "Louise", "Over the Rainbow", and "Pagan Love Song". They're all played at a moderate dance tempo and arranged with exceptional taste. There's a tendency among arrangers to louse up basically decent tunes with elaborate overproduction, but in this album you'll find that the songs are treated with admirable restraint and I think you'll like them as background for whatever new steps you're working on. Needless to say, the numbers themselves should have your living room reeking with nostalgia.

Speaking of oldies, they seem to be popping up more than ever these

days, and you don't see me complaining. I hope you're not either. Frank Sinatra, for example, offers, "What'll I Do?" (Columbia. Reverse: "My Cousin Louella"). Dinah Shore sings, "I'll Always Be In Love With You" (Columbia. Reverse: "In A Little Book Shop"). Ella Mae Morse gives a moderate jazz treatment to "Sunny Side of the Street" (Capitol. Reverse: "Early In The Morning"), and Guy Lombardo spreads his wonderful schmaltz with his theme song, "Auld Lang Syne" (Decca. Reverse: "Home on the Range"). But the artist who really hits the jackpot is a young man named Mel Torme, better known as the Velvet Fog, who does six old-timers for Musicraft: "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby", "Three Little Words", "I'll Always Be In Love With You", "Love, You Funny Thing", "The Day You Came Along" and "Fine and Dandy". There are two extremely vocal schools of thought regarding Torme's singing: (a) from hunger and (b) from good. While I lean slightly toward (b), I frequently object to Torme's attempts to force his personality, which you can have, into the music. On these sides, however, he uses company manners and the result is clean vocal work around six of the better memory-refreshers.

Incidentally, if you're planning to roll up the rug in the near future, let me advise you to keep your hot-jazz-loving friends as far away from the living room as possible, for they like to monopolize the phonograph and look with horror upon any suggestion that you play records such as the ones mentioned above. Not that hot jazz isn't fine for dancing. It's just that a jazz fan won't let you play anything else. My suggestion is that you provide a separate room for them (preferably in a separate house) and let them amuse themselves with some of the following:

First we have a good-natured nut named George Brunis who likes to play trombone while standing on his head or lying on his back. Sometimes he operates the slide thing with his feet, but whatever position he happens to be in he's still the Number One guy when it comes to uninhibited, slam-bang, tailgate horn. His current efforts are packaged in a Commodore album (CR-13) featuring the purest and most uncompromising Dixieland jazz you'll hear anywhere today. Top-notch musi-



cians spark the book. Outstanding are Wild Bill Davison's angry trumpet, Joe Bushkin's piano (not heard often enough since he got married), and Brunis himself, prancing through choruses with purposeful abandon, and singing, too, in his distinctive, boisterous manner. It's the real thing and if you like your jazz straight you can't miss on the album.

Slightly more subtle is a Victor album (P-192) entitled "Singing the Blues", in which the vehicle is handled by Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, Mildred Bailey and Ethel Waters, each with different instrumental backgrounds. It's not easy to pick a favorite from such a group, but my money goes to Miss Waters doing "Careless Love" and "Blues in My Heart". "Touching" isn't quite the word for her performance in this album, but at the moment I can't think of a better one and it comes pretty close.

Two separate jazz records rate special mention. They're Bob Crosby's "That Da-Da Strain" and "Millenium Joys" (Decca), and Julia Lee's "King-Size Papa" and "When You're Smiling" (Capitol). The Crosby tunes were made about 1939, in the days when that band was applying a little polish to New Orleans parade jazz, and combine the best features of small combinations with all the depth of a big group. Miss Lee's sides offer a perfect example of what happens when singers and musicians decide to relax. Nobody blows his brains out on these tunes but there's a tremendous drive in the music. Included in the group are Red Norvo (xylophone), Red Nichols (trumpet), and Miss Lee herself, singing and playing piano.

Another gang to keep away from parlor musicals is made up of screwballs whose idea of a hot time involves playing the Laughing Record or "Cohen on the Telephone" all night. You might send such characters packing with a hilarious thing by the Charioteers called "What Did He Say?" The best of the current novelty crop, it's inspired by the doings of the late unlamented Mumbles, of the Dick Tracy strip. Throughout the record, one of the boys chatters almost intelligibly enough to make sense, but not quite, and it's enough to frustrate anyone. Reverse is a very clever arrangement of "Ooh! Looka There, Ain't She Pretty?"

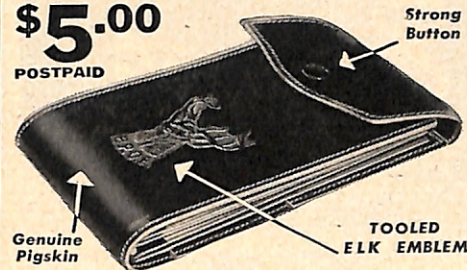
(Columbia). And Pearl Bailey has come through with another mildly profane and highly amusing couple: "But What Are These?" and "I Need Ya Like I Need A Hole in the Head" (Columbia).

I WAS tremendously impressed with the new Victor album of Ibert's "Escales" (DM 1173) by Pierre Monteux and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. If you're not familiar with Ibert or his background you'll probably be struck first by the obvious influence of Ravel on his music. However, this reaction should (if you happen to share my opinion) give way to a deep appreciation for Ibert's thoroughly individual talents. "Escales" was inspired by a Mediterranean trip in 1922, and includes "pictures" of three ports of call: Rome-Palermo, Tunis-Nefta, and Valencia. Throughout the work, moods of serenity and savagery predominate without clashing, and it is to the composer's credit that he is able to adjust such conflicting expressions in this relatively short work. In the oriental flavor and pronounced rhythm of "Tunis-Nefta", you'll probably find the closest resemblance to Ravel, but my own feeling is that Ibert handled such a combination with more subtlety and considerably less tedium than his master. At any rate, the work itself, and its interpretation by Monteux, is outstanding in the "exotic" modern field. Monteux is probably better equipped to conduct Ibert, by virtue of past experience with twentieth-century French composers, than any other American director, and his treatment of the highly colorful "Escales" is completely satisfactory.

Maggie Teyte has applied her talents to a group of extremely engaging French operatic arias in a Victor album (MO-1169). Miss Teyte's lack of pretense and complete understanding of her idiom lend much charm to some of the most interesting works of Pergolesi, Montsigny, Gretry and Dourlen. If you're fond of *opera buffa* the above selections are a "must", and they're ideal for listeners interested in becoming acquainted with the music. I know that admirers of Miss Teyte's work will find the album of particular interest, because she seldom has offered these arias in concert, although she is more likely to do so now.

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By Fairfax Downey

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## Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 11)

ply. Don Martine was drained for repairs a few years back, but from all reports it has come back vigorously and is as good as ever, which is saying something.

The Southwest is a land of contrasts and pleasant surprises. One of the greatest surprises for the fisherman is to find trout in the middle of the burning desert. Bass are to be expected, but not trout. However, the large reservoirs, like Elephant Butte and Lake Mead, have produced some amazing trout along with the bass. Under natural conditions the rivers of these valleys would be far too warm to support trout. In fact, the silt-laden Rio Grande where it enters Elephant Butte is about the consistency of pea-soup but the reservoir acts as a giant, settling basin, and the river where it leaves the dam is clear and cool. In the rivers below the huge dams are ideal trout conditions. Northern trout grow but little during the winter, but here, with stable water temperature and ideal growing conditions the year around, the trout wax fat.

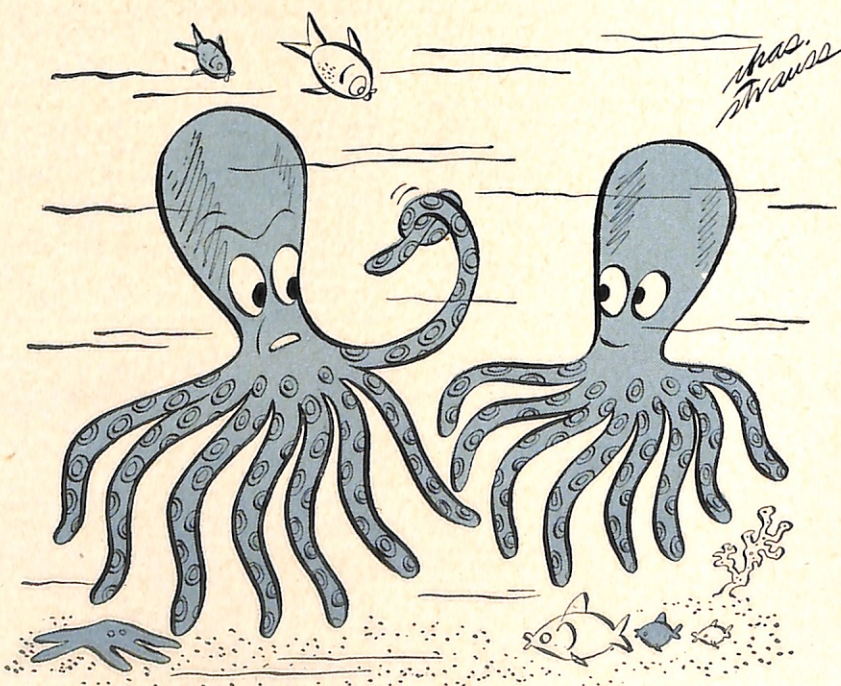
The situation is considered so ideal at Elephant Butte for both trout and bass that there is no closed season—except for a limited bass-spawning area in the lake which is closed for a short period in the Spring. Elephant Butte has but one drawback: when and if the demand for water becomes too great and the level of the lake is pulled too low, the trout fishing will suffer and may disappear entirely. Trout must have a certain temperature of water in order to exist, and at low lake levels the water temperature rises close to the danger point.

With the great size of Hoover Dam on the Colorado, and consequent depth of Lake Mead, there is no danger of the water becoming too warm for trout. Here, also, conditions are so favorable that fishing in the Colorado below the dam is permitted the year around.

The Colorado is a large river, much larger than most fishermen are accustomed to, but the trout are in there, and they're big and tough. Most sportsmen seem to prefer to fish the river from a boat, but somehow when I'm trout fishing I like to be on my feet. I've had plenty of good luck walking down the cañon along the river's edge and fishing the backwaters and little pockets right against the rocky shore.

THESE two big reservoirs, although exceptional, are not the only ones in the area that provide good fishing. Where one small one, the Hondo, failed, many others succeeded marvelously, not only in providing irrigation water and power but in supplying recreation as well. For instance, in Arizona there are San Carlos and Roosevelt Reservoirs along with numerous smaller ones on the Salt and Gila Rivers which provide good bass fishing. In New Mexico there is also good bass fishing in large Conchas Reservoir on the Canadian River and Alamogorda Reservoir on the Pecos. In addition, in the northern part of the state there are some smaller reservoirs, like El Vado and Eagle Nest, which are good for trout.

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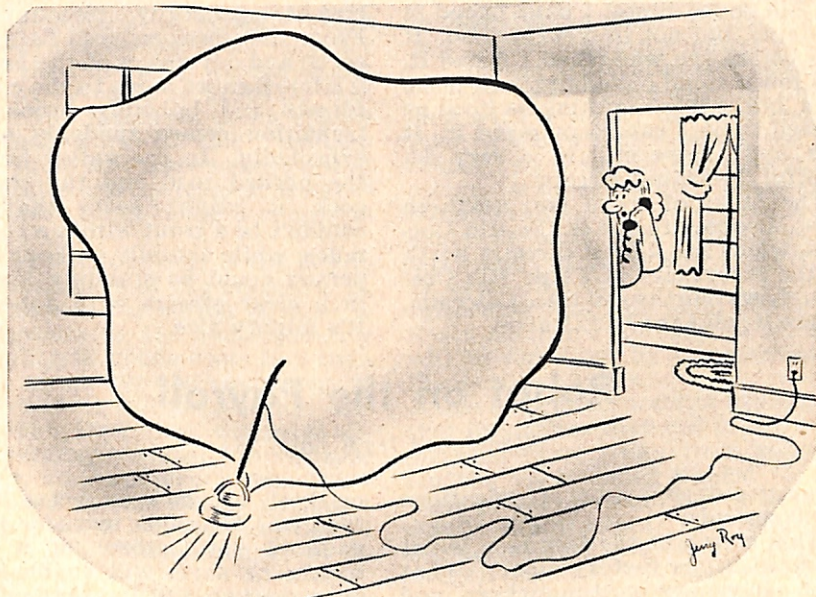
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of the clouds is there any amount of natural fishing water—for trout, that is. Here at higher altitudes, in extreme contrast to the surrounding plains, are found shady forests and clear, tumbling creeks. Most of these creeks are small and never realize their ambitions to become rivers, for as soon as they flow down out of the forest-land they are quickly absorbed by the parched land; and as the creeks are small, so are the trout.

There are four general areas in New Mexico and Arizona where the mountains are sufficiently high to provide trout waters. First, near Flagstaff, Arizona, are the mountains encompassed by the Kaibab and Coconino National Forests. Second, there is the mountainous area along the border of the two states in the Crook, Apache and Gila National Forests. Then there are the Sierra Blanca, or White Mountains, west of Roswell in New Mexico. Finally, and by far the most important, there is the large mountainous area in north-central New Mexico above Santa Fé. In this region many streams reach major proportions before becoming too warm to support trout. There is excellent fishing to be had, with trout reaching weights of six and eight pounds.

Of the many fine trout waters in these northern New Mexico mountains, only a few can be mentioned specifically. Innumerable little creeks in the high country afford good fishing for lively cutthroat and brook trout. Those near the resort centers and in the popular areas like the Carson Forest are heavily fished and must be restocked continually. Others off the beaten track are rarely visited and are full of wild trout. It is up to the individual fisherman to do his own exploring if he likes small creeks and unspoiled waters.

The larger trout streams and rivers of this area in north-central

New Mexico are not exactly a secret. Certain enthusiasts have enjoyed them for years. However, they are far from being over-fished, as indicated by the fact that their trout are known to grow to exceptional size. In some localities, especially in the East, a trout is lucky to live through a season or two instead of ten or twelve as is occasionally the case in these big New Mexico Rivers.

Many of the outstanding streams are in the upper Rio Grande basin. The Rio Grande itself, from the time it enters the state from Colorado until it leaves the cañon near the town of Embudo, New Mexico, offers some of the best opportunities for big trout. In the cañon country, long stretches of the river are reached by trail only. Most people take such a dim view of walking that those who are willing to exercise can have things pretty much to themselves.

Two other excellent rivers for big browns and rainbows in the Rio Grande basin are the upper Rio Chama, which comes in from the west, and the Red River to the east of the main Rio Grande; both support very large trout. Still others in this Rio Grande basin are the Rio Brazos, Rio Ceballa, Vallecitos River and El Rito River.

Another good area is the upper Pecos with its tributaries. For the most part, the streams in this neighborhood are smaller than the best of those in the Rio Grande valley, but afford good fishing nevertheless. The Pecos is fed by the snows of the highest mountain in the state, Truchas Peak, which is over 13,000 feet high. In addition to the Pecos itself, two streams worth trying are El Parvenir and the Sapello.

Two other rivers belong to this elite group of New Mexico trout waters. These are found in the very northern edge of the state and spend part of their time in New Mexico



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Only by obtaining your advice and assistance can the publishers prepare your *Elks Magazine* along the lines you most desire. So take a few moments now to fill out the questionnaire on page 5; clip it out of the page and mail it to the Research Bureau, 53 East 25th Street, New York 10, N. Y. Your cooperation will be sincerely appreciated.

and part in Colorado. One of them, the Rio de los Pinos, I have fished in Colorado, but not in New Mexico. It was before the war when I fished it, and much could have happened since then, but if it is anything as good as it used to be, I can recommend it. It was, and I hope still is, a very delightful fly-fishing stream.

The other of these two northern New Mexico streams is the Rio Costilla, which lies almost directly north of the resort city of Taos. Rio Costilla flows northwest into Colorado, where it joins the Rio Grande.

The Southwest is a land of extremes, generally pleasant ones. From the yucca-covered flats, baked earth and dry rivers of the lowlands, it's but a short move to the cool pine forests and bubbling brooks. The transition comes suddenly and unexpectedly. In the valley homes of the horned toad and the chaparral cock it might seem that there couldn't be a trout within a thousand miles, while actually an hour away a person could be standing knee-deep in a clear stream with a bent rod. It's mighty nice.

## Robot on the Payroll

(Continued from page 15)

steak to a diner's exact specifications in 60 seconds.

This march of the iron men is not confined to the factory alone. What with enormous cotton-pickers and beet-harvesters and flame-cultivators and forage-cutters and hundreds of other special machines being improved constantly, the trend on the farm is perhaps even more pronounced. Here's one simple, illuminating fact: The number of farmers has dropped 10 per cent from the prewar figure but farm production has gone up one-third. The reason, of course, lies in mechanization. Even now, only half of America's large farms are completely mechanized, and there are less than 2,500,000 tractors divided among 7,000,000 farms. Orders for new farm equipment have piled up to keep manufacturers busy for at least two years (some estimators say it will take ten years to clear the backlog) and when those machines move into action, present production records are certain to take on a kind of prehistoric pallor.

Retail trade has felt the force of the robot only slightly thus far. But there is no mistaking the trend here, either.

In place of the old personalized, over-the-counter service, the coin machine has been making steady progress. Such things as cigarettes, candy, soft drinks and postage stamps long have been sold through coin-in-the-slot devices but the range of products distributed through "silent salesmen" now has been broadened spectacularly. You can put coins in machines and any one of the items in this strange assortment will emerge: a railroad ticket to distant places; a frankfurter or hamburger on a roll, heated electronically to order; a cake of ice, wrapped; your specified number of gallons of gasoline; a brush poised to do a shoe-polishing job; insurance on your life; fresh, refrigerated apples; a pair of nylon stockings; phonograph records; the latest edition of your favorite newspaper; a pair of socks or a shirt in your specified size and color.

Automatically operated frozen-food shops already are in existence, and it is safe to predict that it will not be long before the "robot super-

market" becomes an actuality. In fact, one Memphis inventor has announced development of a gadget which, he says, will enable a huge supermarket to dispense with all but a few employees. This gadget is a gun with which the customer "shoots" at the article she wants, and which records the name, price and code number of the article. When the customer has finished making selections, the record made by the gun is processed. The purchases come tumbling down a conveyor belt, the cost is tallied, and the customer totes her goods home, presumably singing the glories of simplified shopping.

Another supermarket project—not quite so revolutionary—calls for the customer to carry an "adding machine key". When she sees her favorite soap on a locked shelf, she opens the door with the "key" which at the same time records the price of the product.

At this stage it is not possible to tell whether these particular inventions will work as well as their designers expect. But the coin-machine industry is engaged in a vigorous race to get to the wire first with the all-automatic store, and by no means do the existing barriers seem insuperable.

**D**EVELOPMENT of machines to the point where they can do just about any work a human can do—except to reason logically—has caused some engineers to theorize that it would be possible to run a profitable factory, making complicated products, without so much as one human being inside the doors. This plant would be equipped with devices which have already proved themselves—automatic conveyor belts, machines to feed raw materials into the cutting or stamping machines, machines to paint parts, assemble them, test the finished products and then package them, count them, case them and convey them to be consumed by human parasites in the world outside.

While no expert denies this sort of plant might be constructed, virtually all authorities believe that, as a practical matter, man will play a far more active part in the factory's work-day of tomorrow. For one thing, no ma-



chine has yet been devised to put a stethoscope to another machine that suddenly refuses to operate; men will always be needed if for no other reason than to keep things going smoothly. And it is probable that some of the machines doing highly specialized work in this "manless plant" would cost more to buy, install and operate than the long-term wages of a human being doing a comparable job.

This question of cost is the key to the whole future of the machine. If, over a reasonable period of time, a device producing the same quantity and quality of goods costs less than present manpower and equipment, it is likely that it will get priority. Because John Doe, man, competes directly in many cases with Automatic Stamper, machine, every time Doe's salary goes up, the nearer the point is reached when his boss may decide to call in salary-less Stamper to do the job.

It may be symbolic that the atomic age has brought with it, at Oak Ridge, perhaps the most "manless" factory yet known, a vast and lonely place operated mile after mile by mechanical controls. Fewer than 200 human operators are employed at the central control point for the entire plant. Moreover, the dangerous nature of atomic research virtually requires that all plants working with the stuff employ as many machines—which are expendable—as possible. Sooner or later atomic energy will become the world's major power source, and this prospect also seems to insure the overwhelming victory of the machine.

Since our Mr. Doe of 1948 still is at work—and could get a job around the corner tomorrow, if need be—there have been no outcries about the approaching menace of Automatic Stamper and his assorted iron cousins. But if there is a substantial drop in employment again, it probably will also bring a spirited re-

vival of the extended debates that went on in the depressed Thirties as to whether so much mechanization is a good thing. As a matter of fact, the House Agricultural Committee already has stepped into the discussion with a report on thousands of farm workers displaced by the machine. "In some sections—as in the cotton and sugarbeet areas—this situation already threatens to become acute, as hand labor is replaced by machines", it says, and many farm experts—like the secretary of agriculture for Alabama—add that in the South alone five million land workers will be edged out by the machine in the next five years.

One body of economists has argued that by putting men out of work the machine takes away from consumers the very money needed to buy their products. But there is another side to the question. One industrial engineer put it this way: "I know that on the surface it looks bad when you haul a machine into a plant and pretty soon 20 or 30, or maybe a 100, men get the layoff slip. But when you look into it, you discover that those still working are holding better, more important jobs. They're working fewer hours and getting better pay—and their improved standard of living is helping to support new industries which can employ the men discharged from the old one."

**A**T THIS stage, statistics line up with this point of view. Less than 100 years ago, in 1850 when the industrial revolution was a mere babe in its cradle, the average hardy American on the farm and in the factory used only a horse or oxen for his power—if he used anything at all but his hands and a few rough tools. He worked nearly 70 hours a week and when he had finished, according to figures of the Twentieth Century Fund, his output was worth only \$16.10 a week. Today his great-grandson stays near the grind-

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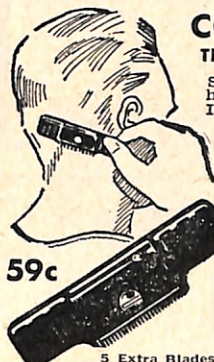
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stone little more than 40 hours but still has a total output three times greater to show for it. Those 30 hours of leisure may be spent enjoying the automobile, radio, movies, first-rate reading matter—all results of the machine age.

Incidentally, the mechanical progress that made the automobile possible—and gave the average American worker both the time and money to enjoy his own car—built within 50 years what is now the Number One American industry. Automotive and allied fields employ one out of seven workers in the country, and some experts think the whole question of prosperity or depression for the country rests on Detroit's back. This is one case where, for every job taken from the old horse and buggy industry, the automotive industry has opened up hundreds of new jobs.

In view of the record thus far, at least, it is surprising that there should be so many loud opponents of what economists like to call "technological advancement". Historically, of course, such opposition is futile: no one for long has succeeded in bucking progress as represented by machines which can do a better job. Yet the opposition persists.

Right now, "efficiency" men say, much of it comes from labor unions,

which naturally fear that if a labor-saving device comes through one door, several good dues-paying members will move to the exit. Until recently, union leaders had a lot of power to bar the entrances by demanding that members be paid to stand by even if machines did the work. But under the Taft-Hartley law, which waves a governmental club at "featherbedding", that power may have vanished or at least have been thinned out.

Surprisingly, industrial engineers with new labor-saving ideas say they often run into opposition, not from the unions but from the top management men with well-fed egos who cannot conceive how any improvement in their corporation's efficiency is possible.

But whether the monkey wrench aimed at the machine comes from the front of the plant or the back, one thing is certain: if we are going to realize the modern edition of the American Dream—the version with the family plane in every hangar, television set in every home, and every home where every now-frantic house-hunter wants it to be—new mechanical devices will have to come in to do the enormous production job. To a far greater extent than many people realize, the machines are ready for the call.

## In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 16)

telligence, the means of determining this intelligence being the obedience tests given at the various dog shows. The tasks they are asked to perform are by no means easy.

The story of the intelligence of the Seeing Eye dogs is known to almost everyone whether or not they have an interest in dogs. Not only do they learn to guide the blind, they learn something else that is unique: these are the only dogs taught to disobey deliberately as a protection to their owners. If the owner is approaching an open cellar or excavation, the dog will deliberately disobey the command to go forward.

In the recent war, dogs were used to detect booby traps and land mines. They guided detachments around or through those hidden dangers. They were found to be mighty useful in

pointing out the presence of metallic and non-metallic mines, some of which defied the best electrical detectors, and it didn't make any difference how long the mine had been buried or what the weather conditions were. Each dog would work at the end of a six-foot leash and would signal to his handler from one to four yards away from the mine. Thus the handler was able to locate and mark the exact place of concealment. When anything happened to the handler, it required only about two weeks to train a dog to get used to a new man.

No, I am not claiming that Fido can operate an adding machine, nor should he be expected to think like a human being; he simply puts to work the powers that men, through years of disuse, allowed to fade away from their consciousness.



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject." This beautifully printed, well-illustrated, 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. It costs only 25c. Please do not send stamps. Address *The Elks Magazine*—50 E. 42nd St., New York 17.



# Gadget and Gimmick Department

(Continued from page 18)

has indexed, separate file compartments forming the brief case which is removable for pure business when you get to your destination. The outside of the suitcase top is expandable so you can stow lots of business papers in the file compartments. What could be nicer?



IT IS a well known truism that women don't like mice and that even the most frightening and aggressive females blanch when a mouse leers at them from the corner of a room. Various traps designed to catch and slaughter the little rodents have been designed but most of the contraptions have one major flaw. After the mouse is caught and killed he must be disposed of. If a woman has to dispose of a dead mouse she sustains a nervous shock that can be heard for blocks. At the very least, she requires a new dress to restore herself to what we shall call "normalcy". Here is the answer to the husband of a woman mouse-catcher's prayer. It is a cardboard mousetrap any woman can handle. The trap is set, the mouse lured in and poisoned. Now all that remains to be done is to pick up the cardboard trap with the mouse

inside and throw the whole thing away. The entire procedure is simple and effective. It makes a clean break, so to speak, that should upset no one.

NOTHING looks sillier than one potato being baked in an oven. Of course, if you close the door you can't actually see how silly it looks but you know just the same. Still, if you only want one potato and all you have is a large oven, what else is there to do? Nothing really. It's wasteful to put two potatoes in to bake when you only want one and, besides, who knows what goes on between two potatoes alone in the oven with the door closed? To avoid such complications here is a gimmick. It is an aluminum shell designed to hold one potato—no more. Place this aluminum shell over an open flame and it bakes the potato. The manufacturers claim that it cuts baking time as much as 20 per cent. This is a "must" item for people baking a single potato. If, on the other hand, you want to bake quantities of potatoes, or even bread, here is just the thing for you. There is a company that makes an oven 12 feet wide and 130 feet long that will bake 6,000 loaves of bread per hour. Think what a long coffee roll you could bake.



## What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 13)

### OTHER VOICES, OTHER ROOMS by Truman Capote

Truman Capote, who has been widely publicized in columns and by word of mouth in the literary cocktail party belt as a prodigy (he is just 23), has finally come across with his first novel, entitled *Other Voices, Other Rooms*. And a mighty strange little opus it is, too. Mr. Capote is considered a member of the advance guard, and like many other members of that vaguely defined group of writers, he is spellbound by decadence, the macabre and death in its more grotesque forms. Especially is this true of the younger writers of the South of whom Mr. Capote, who was born and brought up in New Orleans, is one. His story is set in the Louisiana back-country, a murky, surrealist landscape smelling of rotting mansions and decaying old families. Its central character is a 13-year-old boy named Joel Knox—a sensitive, fey

youth—who is just entering on the mysteries of adolescence which, in the marsh country, are mysteries. Far be it from me to synopsise the thing; I can't, in the first place, and you wouldn't believe it if I could, in the second. I'll just mention some of the cast of characters and then maybe you'll want to find out more about them, and maybe you won't. Well, there's a half-blind Negro named Jesus Fever, for one, and his granddaughter, Missouri Fever, who bore some rather interesting scars, for another. Then there's Joel's epicene Uncle Randolph, who was born dead, they say, and revived for no very good reason. And there's Joel's father, a spectre-like paralytic and definitely not a cheerful type; and his stepmother, who was on the hysterical side and, oh, yes, there's a mildly demented midget named Miss Wisteria and—well, there are some others, all pretty much of the same kidney, and a charming group they

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make. Their doings are described in a poetic prose as murky and muskily perfumed as the swamps in which they live. It's more darned fun; giddiest goings-on since the pigs ate up Grandpa in Erskine Caldwell's *God's Little Acre*. This, I guess, is what is known as the literature of decay. But I got to wondering about half-way through what Mr. Capote's first book would have been like if he had grown up in, say, Flint, Michigan. (*Random House, \$2.75*)

### THE TEMPTATIONS OF MOURAD by Lucienne Favre

Every once in a while there comes a book that has no pretension to wide appeal and was not written with an eye on the Best-Seller list, yet which has a quiet excellence that guarantees it a life much longer than some of the noisily touted selections of the book clubs. Such a one was *Said*, *The Fisherman*, by Marmaduke Pickthall which, though published without fanfare many years ago, still commands an audience among the discriminating. Another, and one that bears a certain resemblance to *Said*, is Lucienne Favre's *The Temptations of Mourad*—a picaresque life-story of a Berber in the city of Algiers. This exquisitely written tale, told in the first person, starts with Mourad's boyhood in his tribal village (he is a member of the Kabyles, one of the proudest, most unreconstructed of the tribes under French rule in Africa). Mourad is an intelligent, ambitious youth, with a hunger for book-learning in which he sees practically the only method open to him of escaping from the deadly, poverty-ridden life of his

family village. Under a kindly French schoolmaster, he learns to read and write French and, late in his teens, goes off to Algiers—the big city—to continue his studies at what would be the equivalent of college. From then on, things happen to Mourad, not all of an academic nature. He becomes an habitue of the famous Kasbah (portrayed here a lot more realistically than it was by Hollywood) and also become an intimate of a notorious house of pleasure; all in all, he leads quite a jolly double life, half in college, half in the bordello, until it comes time to go on to other things. After a succession of casual love affairs, he marries and gets caught up in a murder scandal; later he becomes a writer and joins the little group of artists and journalists who have carved out their own little Bohemia in the Arab city. The story of his adventures is fantastic in many ways, but it is always believable. Madame Favre, who spent some twenty years in Algeria, patently knows her way around in Moslem circles and can describe an exotic society without the usual over-picturesque touches most writers resort to for colorful effect. Mourad is a real person, as portrayed here, and his life is detailed in an individual style that survives the ordeal of translation. Recommended.

### THE SILENT PEOPLE SPEAK by Robert St. John

During the war, Robert St. John, foreign correspondent and newscaster, spent some time in Yugoslavia and wrote about his experiences in one of the better war books called *From The Land of The Silent People*. Last

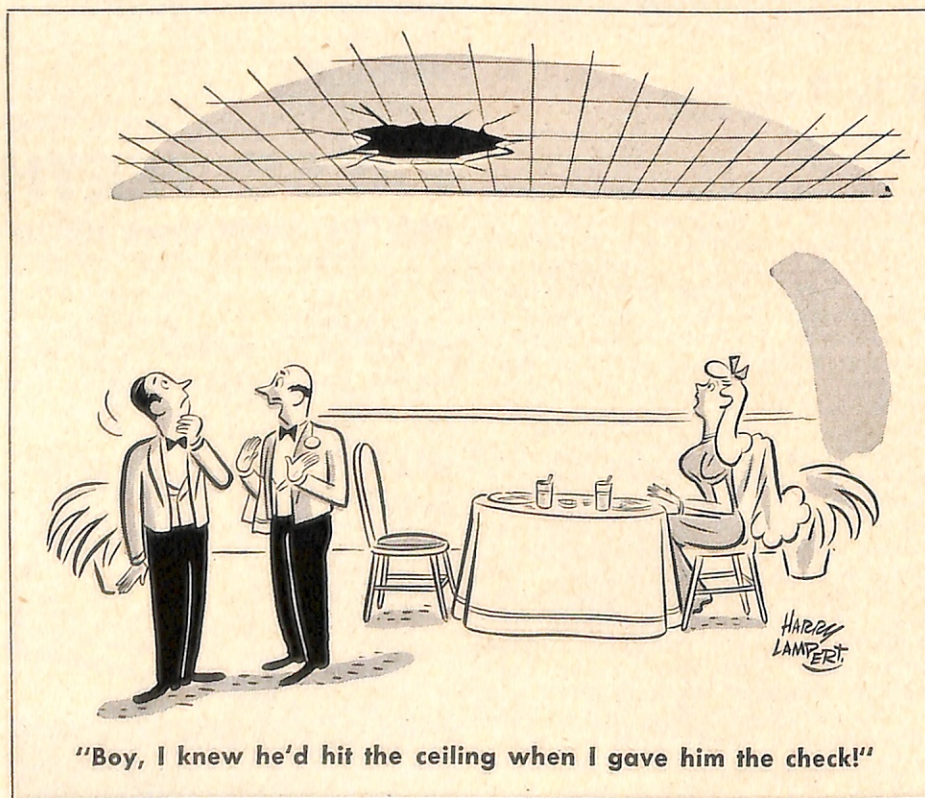
year, he went back to visit the country again, look up old friends and find out just what was what under the Tito regime. His report is titled *The Silent People Speak*—a remarkable book because it is the first really all-out friendly document on post-war Yugoslavia. Mr. St. John, who emphatically denies he has any axe to whet, found very little wrong with the country. The people, he says—and he talked to hundreds in all walks of life—are enthusiastic about their government (the only ones the author found who weren't were former Axis collaborators who were in fear of their lives, and are now happily engaged in reconstruction). Now, you can take all this with as many grains of salt as you like, but considering the author's reputation for journalistic integrity, I think it deserves a wide reading. We have had so much writing from a diametrically opposed viewpoint (also by good men) and so much talk about the prison-like human existence behind the Iron Curtain (Mr. St. John, incidentally, says there's no such thing in Yugoslavia), that we owe it to ourselves to get as many witnesses on the stand as possible in our search for the truth. If there is to be war, hot or cold, with people like Tito and his putative superiors in the Kremlin, it would be nice to know just who and why we are fighting. Maybe Mr. St. John isn't giving us the whole picture; maybe those who disagree with him aren't either. And maybe the whole thing boils down to the proposition that people are people everywhere, no matter what they call their governmental systems. Anyway, here is the other side. (*Doubleday, \$4.00*)

### SHOOT THE WORKS by Richard Ellington

*Shoot The Works*, by Richard Ellington, is a new mystery in what is fast becoming the classical hard-boiled tradition in this country. Ingredients are: (1), a young, tough-minded private eye who tells the story in a tent-show Hemingway style that is also part of the tradition; (2), a very wealthy young girl who has something wrong with her (she's just a slightly homicidal nymphomaniac, that's all); (3), a sinister conspiracy against the girl which the "eye" has to foil; (4), a group of nasty characters acting from motives about as tangled as a ball of worsted when Puss gets through with it. The action, which consists mainly of shadowings and gun-play, takes place in New York and Florida, and the whole thing is just about par for the course. (*Morrow, \$2.50*)

### ON SUCH A NIGHT by Anthony Quayle

A suspense story that is a good cut above the run of the presses is Anthony Quayle's *On Such A Night*—a wartime tale of intrigue and espionage on a beleaguered British is-





land stronghold in the Mediterranean, here called "Palleria", which bears a strong resemblance to Malta. As the story begins, Lord Sterndale, British Minister for War Coordination (as you will see, there's no such office), arrives in Palleria by special plane, accompanied by his mistress, a beautiful English movie actress. About the time his plane is due, the Governor of the island gets a military intelligence report from Portugal that His Lordship had been seen in Lisbon, talking with a well-known Nazi agent, and that it is highly likely that he is now en route to Egypt for more treasonable chats with the enemy. Inasmuch as this takes place in the jittery days when Rommel was running loose across North Africa, the Governor suspects Lord Sterndale is getting ready to sell out. The problem, then, is: how to prevent the Minister from completing his mission without a public exposure and the subsequent damage to British morale. That problem is solved very deftly in a first-class and well-written book. (*Little, Brown, \$2.50*)

### LEAVE MY OLD MORALE ALONE by A. P. Herbert

*Leave My Old Morale Alone* is a not-always-gay, but consistently spirited, omnibus of poems by A. P. Herbert, England's top humorous versemaker who should be named Light-Poet Laureate (he was knighted recently; he's now Sir Alan Herbert). This book, which is made up of six smaller books published over the last six years, is virtually a history of England's war. The author, who was on patrol duty in the London River throughout most of the Blitz, always found time to knock off a few lines for *Punch* and *The Sunday Graphic* on topics that were of moment to Englishmen at war (Herr Hitler, one of Sir Alan's favorite subjects, must often have had a sharp burning in the ears during those days). The book is not only very amusing in many spots, it is also one of the most eloquent testaments to British pluck and the ability to laugh in the face of danger. (*Doubleday, \$5.00*)



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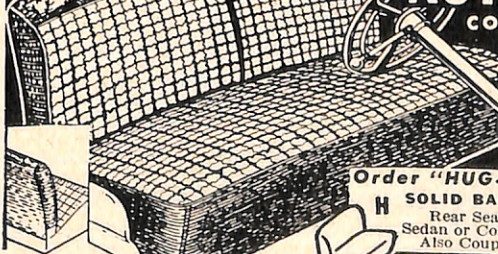
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editorial pattern which must be followed in order to provide you each month with the kind of magazine that you want to read.

For this reason it is important to you, and your *Elks Magazine*, that you take a few moments now to fill out the questionnaire on page 5; clip it out of the magazine, and mail it to the Research Bureau, 53 East 25th Street, New York 10, N. Y. Your assistance is very much appreciated.

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Style "H" Only  
FULL SET Only \$3.49  
Front and \$6.98  
Rear Seats Only \$3.98

Order "HUG-TITE" Seat Covers From These Styles:

<b>H SOLID BACK</b> Rear Seat Sedan or Coach Also Coupe	<b>K DIVIDED BACK SOLID SEAT</b> Front Seat Coach or Coupe	<b>M INDIVIDUAL SEATS</b> Includes both Front Seats
--	---	--

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON TODAY!

SANGERS, 325 N. Wells St., Chicago 10, Ill. Dept. AC-1030  
Please rush "HUG-TITE" Auto Seat Covers.

..... FULL SETS: FRONT Style...., REAR Style....  
at \$6.98 per Set

..... FRONT SEATS ONLY: Style.... at \$3.98 Each.

..... STYLE "H" ONLY: at \$3.49 Each.

(Indicate quantity and style H, J, K or M)

Car Make..... Body Style..... Year.....

☐ SEND C.O.D. plus shipping charges and C.O.D. Fee.

☐ SEND POSTPAID. I enclose full payment of \$.....  
(Illinois Residents, add 2% for State Tax)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

Think of it... COMPLETE Auto Seat Covers of real quality at sensational savings! No Sir, "HUG-TITE" Covers are not to be confused with partial covers. Compare these features! Genuine Fibre protects the entire riding surfaces of backs and cushions. Special "HUG-TITE" material covers ALL facings on front and rear seats; also ENTIRE back of front seat. Attractively trimmed with harmonizing leatherette. Colorful plaid fibre is glazed and lacquered; easy to clean, water-repellent, smooth, comfortable. Simple to install — no pins, no tacks. Just slip over upholstery. Snug fitting, smartly styled and durably constructed. Sold on 10-day MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

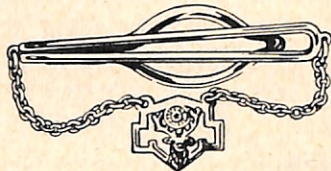


## GIFTS FOR HIM AT EASTER



**\$4.80 each**

"SENIOR", created in response to your demand for a finer chain in 1/20 12-Kt. Gold-filled



**\$1.50 each**

"JUNIOR", our popular gold-plated tie chain so many of your brother Elks proudly wear.

Also available for Masons, K. of C., Odd Fellows, Rotary, Moose, Kiwanis, and most others. Easter is March 28th—order now! Prices include Fed. Tax and prepaid delivery. Send check or money order (no C O D's, please).

**PAL CRAFT COMPANY**

44 Washington St., Dept. 3E, Providence 3, R. I.

## Gladiolus

**100 Bulbs only \$1.69**



Imagine! Real Michigan grown GLADIOLUS BULBS at less than 2c each! Assortment of flaming reds, yellows, purples, blues, etc., now ready for first blooms and with many years of flowering ahead. Any bulb not developing first planting replaced free. Tremendous saving and world of satisfaction in developing your Gladiolus from these young virile bulbs already 1 1/2" to 2 1/4" in circumference. For amateur and expert alike. Truly an unbeatable offer. Order now on approval.

**3 TUBEROSES GIVEN—SEND NO MONEY**  
On arrival pay \$1.69 plus C.O.D. postage on satisfaction or money back guarantee! Cash orders sent prepaid. With shipment comes surprise lot of 3 TUBEROSES. Bloom into tall waxy white flowers 2-3 ft. tall, extremely fragrant. Makes this a bargain you'll hate to miss. Order now from

MICHIGAN BULB CO., Dept. GW-2204 Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

## PRINT YOUR OWN POST CARDS

**COMPLETE  
OUTFIT  
only  
\$7.50**



Amazing results in sales, inquiries and contacts... saves time and money... very easy to use GEM STENCIL DUPLICATOR is ideal for Advertising, Announcements, Notices, Labels, Forms, Price Lists—hundreds of uses for every type of business and organization. Comes complete with all supplies, instructions and 60-page Book of Ideas.

**FREE TRIAL OFFER:** Try it before you buy it! Write and a GEM OUTFIT will be sent you postpaid. After 10 days, send only \$7.50 or return the GEM, no questions asked. The GEM must sell itself; you will be the judge.

**BOND EQUIPMENT CO. • Dept. 105  
513 Olive St. • St. Louis 1, Mo.**

**SEND NO MONEY • FREE TRIAL OFFER**

## Elk Newsletter

(Continued from page 4)

**New construction** put in place in 1947 was 30 per cent ahead of the figure for the previous year and American business, exclusive of agriculture, is expected to spend \$4.1 billions for the construction of new plants and the purchase of new equipment during the first quarter of this year. This is a billion more than the actual expenditure for the first quarter of 1947.



**Government officials** predict a national belt-tightening if the automobile industry is able to return to its prewar output this year. But until it does, they predict, we probably will continue to indulge ourselves in the way we learned in those days of hardship during the war.

This is the way they see it. During the war, civilians ate more than ever before because rationing made many foods equally available to all without regard to income and price controls were set at levels where all could afford to buy the rationed goods. Since VJ-Day the lower-income groups have tended to resist any reduction in their new standard of eating, with the result that most consumers are buying substantially more food than in prewar years.

This increased expenditure for food has been facilitated by a number of factors, officials say. One has been the carry-over of rent controls; another, the wartime accumulation of liquid assets, and still another, the shortage of new automobiles. But, while the increase on foods ranked high, consumers last year increased their expenditures on durable goods much more than those on nondurables—even though they were not able to buy all the automobiles they wanted. Once the new cars finally become more fully available, so the argument runs, we'll forget our war-learned lessons in nutrition.



**Although automobile production** may have lagged behind prewar rates last year, steel production was stepped up to 22.2 million tons in the last quarter of 1947—less than 2 per cent below the wartime peak of 22.6 million tons registered in the first quarter of 1944 when the total steel-making capacity was about 2.5 million tons higher than now.



**Better think twice** before firing your agent in Cuba. The government of our neighbor to the southeast has just announced that the rules established in Article 70 of Decree No. 798 of April 13, 1938, governing the termination of employment as between employers and employees in Cuba apply to relations between foreign firms and their Cuban agents.

Under the terms of these restrictions, any foreign firm using the services of a representative, agent, or distributor in Cuba will not be permitted to shift to another agent without showing "just cause". The restriction applies even in cases where foreign firms desire to establish branches in Cuba or direct agencies to handle business now being handled by other agents.



# It's a Man's World

(Continued from page 12)

swung the crusher into his helmet and then, when it was firmly imbedded, dragged their opponent off his horse. Another, from Persia, is carved and shaped to resemble a snake. Still another, from India, is a simple flail which must have terrorized those its owner attacked. It has a silver-inlaid handle to which is fastened a light but strong sixteen-inch chain. On the end of this is attached an iron ball the size of a small orange. This was probably the most effective soporific ever devised.

Armed with such an instrument I would feel almost able to wipe out single-handed the onerous custom of tipping, regarding which on occasion I wax violent.

I AM at this moment shocked to discover that the American male, stimulated somewhat by the approving eye of the American female, is currently shelling out \$400,000,000 a year for tips to restaurant waiters. That's what I said: \$400,000,000 to waiters. Now, as anybody knows who has tried to get a meal in a restaurant during the last few years, that money is about as completely wasted as the \$500 my Aunt Minnie paid for a Florida lot in 1928 and discovered years later that it was under six feet of water. The only function a tip performs nowadays is to insure the patron that the waiter won't trip him up and stomp on him when he tries to leave.

But restaurant tipping is only a small part of this universal curse. A friend of mine who lives in New York because he loves deep snow bought a new hat last Fall for ten dollars. He never tips more than a quarter; his social activities are not immoderate; yet he has to date paid more than \$120 in tips for the privilege of hanging his ten-dollar hat in checkrooms.

Just why we submit to the noxious custom of tipping is beyond understanding. A nation that would revolt against the British because of a minor tax on tea is afraid to walk away from a barber's chair without leaving a tip which often equals half the price of a haircut. We own the atom bomb, the biggest air force and navy, yet we tremble at the prospect of wrath from an untipped waiter.

This question has so perplexed some of our intellectuals that august Princeton University, no less, turned its Department of Psychology loose to find an answer. Dr. Leo P. Crespi made a scientific survey to discover what prompts us to give away our loose change and get nothing except a grumble in return. As might be expected of a psychologist, Dr. Crespi found that the reason is psychology. We do it because the other fellow does it and not because it brings us either joy or prompt service. We do it because we are literally afraid of

reprisals and we do it, believe it or not, even if the waiter spills a bowl of soup down our neck.

According to Dr. Crespi tipping is practically universal. The number who don't tip is about one person in fourteen.

Another rankling fact is that frequently the tippee is not allowed to keep what you give him. He has to turn it over to the boss. The checkrooms in many hotels are concessions leased to the highest bidder, who rarely is the character who checks your coat. Hat checking in night clubs is big business and an annual \$25,000 is not an unusual price to pay for the exclusive rights. In the old prewar days, when a bar-and-grill entrepreneur wanted to set himself up as a night club impresario his only serious problem was to sell the checking concession. With the mazzuma thus raised, plus the \$50 he had saved himself, he could sign a lease, commission decorators, hire a band, buy a few bottles of liquor and have small cards printed announcing a two-dollar cover charge.

The concessionaire simply hired a couple of Conover-type gals who weren't precisely male-shy, offered them \$25 a week and all the dates they could handle, and stood to gross, in a moderately successful club, around \$30,000 a year. All the girls had to do was smile, smile, smile. If they decided to divert a few dollar tips to increase their take-home pay they woke up one morning, out of a job and blacklisted with every major concession in the city. Night club hat check concessionaires receive a patron count from the management and are able with uncanny skill to estimate how much the men will pay to get their hats back.

Naturally, no outfit as big as Princeton is going to study a problem without coming up with a solution and Dr. Crespi has some \$64 language to explain what ought to be done. "A means should be devised," says he, "for dignifying and putting on a socially recognized footing the refusal to tip." Translated from the Princetonian, that means a bunch of the boys should get together and agree to stop tipping and beat the stuffing out of anybody who carelessly fingers a dime. However, Dr. Crespi goes even farther. He proposes the organization of an Anti-Tipping League which would hold meetings, rallies and presumably take a stand against admitting communists. League members would carry printed cards explaining the anti-social character of tipping, with the obvious inference that the whole thing, having begun abroad, was distinctly un-American. When it came time to follow custom, in place of the anticipated tip, a member would smile at the barber, porter, hat checker or waiter and hand over one of these cards. And then, as one wag put it, he would run like hell.

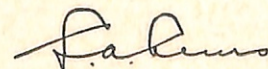
## PROCLAMATION

THE Grand Exalted Ruler, by and with the approval of the Board of Grand Trustees of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, acting on authority given him by resolution of the Grand Lodge at its session held in Portland, Oregon, in July, 1947, does hereby proclaim that the next Session of the membership and representatives of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks will convene in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, July 4, 1948, with the opening and public meeting to be held on the evening of July 4th. The opening business meeting will convene on Monday morning, July 5th, 1948, at which time the election of officers for the ensuing year will be made. Business sessions will continue thereafter each morning at 10:00 o'clock on July 6th, 7th and 8th, until the business to come before the Session is finished.

This proclamation is supplementary to and in lieu of that appearing on Page 47 of the November, 1947, issue of our *Elks Magazine*.

Grand Lodge headquarters will be established at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Please publish this proclamation in your lodge publication and post on your lodge bulletin board.



L. A. LEWIS  
GRAND EXALTED RULER

Dated: March 1, 1948

Attest:  
J. E. MASTERS  
GRAND SECRETARY



# 1947-1948 STATE ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

STATE	PRESIDENT	SECRETARY	TERM EXPIRES	ANNUAL CONVENTION PLACE
Alabama	William M. Fex Birmingham Lodge No. 79	John F. Antwine Birmingham Lodge No. 79	May	Huntsville
Arizona	H. E. Williams Phoenix Lodge No. 335	Leo C. Gavagan Phoenix Lodge No. 335	May	Douglas
Arkansas	William H. Laubach Little Rock Lodge No. 1655	R. S. Zinn Little Rock Lodge No. 1655		
California	Earl J. Williams Oakland Lodge No. 171	Edgar W. Dale Richmond Lodge No. 1251	Oct.	Santa Cruz
Colorado	M. B. Chase La Junta Lodge No. 701	Frank H. Buskirk Montrose Lodge No. 1053	Sept.	Fort Collins
Connecticut	George J. Grasser Wallingford Lodge No. 1365	William E. Chambault Meriden Lodge No. 35		
Florida	Cullen H. Talton Daytona Beach Lodge No. 1141	Chelsie J. Senerchia Miami Lodge No. 948	April	Key West
Georgia	Jesse D. Jewell Gainesville Lodge No. 1126	R. E. Lee Reynolds Atlanta Lodge No. 78	May	Savannah
Idaho	Robert E. Sorenson Wallace Lodge No. 331	John E. Wimer Wallace Lodge No. 331	June	Moscow
Illinois	Dr. N. H. Feder Belleville Lodge No. 481	S. A. Thompson Macomb Lodge No. 1009	May	Danville
Indiana	Dr. A. A. Pielemeier Vincennes Lodge No. 291	C. L. Shideler Terre Haute Lodge No. 86	June	Richmond
Iowa	C. E. Richards, Jr. Fort Madison Lodge No. 374	Sanford Schmalz Muscatine Lodge No. 304	June	Sioux City
Kansas	R. L. Johnsmeyer Manhattan Lodge No. 1185	S. E. Patterson Augusta Lodge No. 1462	May	Wichita
Kentucky	Dr. Bernard Lipsitz Ashland Lodge No. 350	Paul J. Smith Covington Lodge No. 314	June	Lexington
Louisiana	Don T. Lanhard Baton Rouge Lodge No. 490	Willis C. McDonald New Orleans Lodge No. 30	June	Baton Rouge
Maine	Edward J. McMann Bath Lodge No. 934	Edward R. Twomey Portland Lodge No. 188	May	Rockland
Maryland	Rosell T. Pickrel Washington, D. C., Lodge No. 15	Portland Lodge No. 188 R. Edward Dove Annapolis Lodge No. 622	June	Cambridge
Delaware & D. C.	Irving R. Shaw Springfield Lodge No. 61	Thomas F. Coppinger Newton Lodge No. 1327	March	
Massachusetts	John T. Hickmott Kalamazoo Lodge No. 50	Leland L. Hamilton Niles Lodge No. 1322	June	Petoskey
Michigan	Dr. L. C. Brusletten Faribault Lodge No. 1166	Stanley P. Andersch Minneapolis Lodge No. 44	June	St. Cloud
Minnesota	W. T. Walker Vicksburg Lodge No. 95	Sam Miller Hattiesburg Lodge No. 599	June	Vicksburg
Mississippi	John T. Dumont St. Louis Lodge No. 9	A. D. Mason St. Louis Lodge No. 9	May	Joplin
Missouri	Martin A. Walsh Miles City Lodge No. 537	A. Trenerry Billings Lodge No. 394		Great Falls
Montana	Glenn F. Waugh Fairbury Lodge No. 1203	H. P. Zieg Grand Island Lodge No. 604	June	
Nebraska	Dr. Stephen W. Comish Elko Lodge No. 1472	J. R. Coffin Elko Lodge No. 1472	June	Elko
Nevada	Leigh M. Wentworth Concord Lodge No. 1210	Carl Kruger Concord Lodge No. 1210	Oct.	Dover
New Hampshire	Russell H. Williams West Orange Lodge No. 1590	Howard F. Lewis Burlington Lodge No. 996	June	
New Jersey	Robert Sandusky Tucumcari Lodge No. 1172	Joe Falletti Raton Lodge No. 865	Sept.	Las Vegas
New Mexico	William F. Edelmuth Kingston Lodge No. 550	Frank D. O'Connor Queens Borough Lodge No. 878	June	Buffalo
New York	J. Fred Richardson Winston-Salem Lodge No. 449	Arthur Ruffin Wilson Lodge No. 840	May	Durham
North Carolina	Mack V. Traynor Devils Lake Lodge No. 1216	Earl A. Reed Jamestown Lodge No. 995		Minot
North Dakota	Dr. V. E. Berg New Philadelphia Lodge No. 510	E. Gene Fournace Newark Lodge No. 391	Sept.	Cedar Pt.
Ohio	Herman J. Salz Woodward Lodge No. 1355	Temple X. Benbrook Woodward Lodge No. 1355	May	Oklahoma City
Oklahoma	E. L. Hatton Eugene Lodge No. 357	Ernest L. Scott Medford Lodge No. 1168	June	Roseburg
Oregon	Regis J. Maloney Dubois Lodge No. 349	William S. Gould Scranton Lodge No. 123	Sept.	Reading
Pennsylvania	Howard L. Goodwin Newport Lodge No. 104	David F. Fitzgerald Newport Lodge No. 104	July	Newport
Rhode Island	Al J. Baumann Sumter Lodge No. 855	F. J. Knight Sumter Lodge No. 855	June	Sumter
South Carolina	James M. Campbell Deadwood Lodge No. 508	A. A. Fahy Aberdeen Lodge No. 1046	June	Deadwood
South Dakota	E. J. Nunn Jackson Lodge No. 192	H. E. Henry, Jr. Jackson Lodge No. 192	Oct.	Knoxville
Tennessee	V. A. Powell Amarillo Lodge No. 923	H. S. Rubenstein Brenham Lodge No. 979	June	Beaumont
Texas	D. J. McMurphy Cedar City Lodge No. 1556	Ralph C. Adams Cedar City Lodge No. 1556	June	Ogden
Utah	Daughly Gould Montpelier Lodge No. 924	Roger Sheridan Montpelier Lodge No. 924	June	Montpelier
Vermont	Lawrence H. Hoover Harrisonburg Lodge No. 450	George W. Epps, Jr. Richmond Lodge No. 45	Aug.	Alexandria
Virginia	Arthur Ochser Seattle Lodge No. 92	Victor Zednick Seattle Lodge No. 92	July	Aberdeen
Washington	A. E. Kallmerten Huntington Lodge No. 313	W. Don Morris Huntington Lodge No. 313	June	Morgantown
West Virginia	Dr. A. V. Delmore Two Rivers Lodge No. 1380	Leo H. Schmalz Kaukauna Lodge No. 962	August	Madison
Wisconsin	T. Joe Cahill Cheyenne Lodge No. 660	Frank M. Bruner Cheyenne Lodge No. 660		Cheyenne
Wyoming				



# NEWS of the ORDER

VETERANS ADMINISTRATION  
HOSPITAL  
Hines, Illinois.  
1947

YOUR FILE REFERENCE:  
IN REPLY REFER TO:

VETERANS ADMINISTRATION  
HOSPITAL  
Temple, Texas  
December 22, 1947

VETERANS ADMINISTRATION  
HOSPITAL  
1025 Lamar Ave., Memphis, Tennessee  
December 22, 1947

YOUR FILE REFERENCE:  
IN REPLY REFER TO: 88H

VETERANS ADMINISTRATION  
HOSPITAL  
Jackson, Mississippi  
December

VETERANS ADMINISTRATION  
Center  
Togus, Maine

Mr. James T. Hallinan,  
Chairman, Elks National  
Service Corporation  
292 Madison Avenue  
New York 17, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Hallinan:

We were re-  
this h-

VETERANS ADMINISTRATION  
HALLORAN V. A. HOSPITAL  
Staten Island, New York  
January 22, 1948

Chairman, Hospital Work  
ative Order of Elks #841

VETERANS ADMINISTRATION  
BAY PINES, FLORIDA  
January 12, 1948

Mr. Harold Howard  
927 8th Street, South  
Petersburg, Florida  
Mr. Howard:

half of the veter-  
at the sincere  
stration fo-  
e of the

This display shows a few of the hun-  
dreds of letters received by the Elks  
National Veterans Service Commission  
from VA Hospitals and patients, in  
appreciation of the Christmas enter-  
tainment provided at all Veterans  
Hospitals.

Mr. James T. Hallinan, P.G.E.R.  
Baltimore Lodge #7, Order of the Elks  
307 W. Fayette Street  
Baltimore 1, Maryland

Dear Mr. Hallinan:

With the advent of a New Year it is always worth while to do a good piece of  
thinking regarding the work done here for the patients. For the past two  
weeks we have "Inventoried" and are now in position to order for '48 and the  
future!

The only trouble with this job is that we cannot order, for that would enable  
us to pick and choose those features that do the best toward the rehabilitation  
and recreation of the 1750 Veterans hospitalized here. Our only way of holding  
on to desirable programs is to put down on paper just what has proved to be of  
value.

During the past year I have been privileged to witness the Elks Shows under the  
keen guidance of Mr. Hawthorne. Every show has been good, all of them above  
average and yesterday's show was excellent. Mr. Hawthorne has the crew  
"indoctrinated" before arrival as to the type of audience and the reaction (if  
any) to expect. I believe that man knows more about these patients than I do,  
and his shows do tell the difference. The performances are geared to the type  
of patients we have here and the response is evidence of their appreciation.

In plain language, we need those Elks shows, for they are tops in entertainment  
for our boys and if there is anything the hospital can do to insure their  
continuance, please tell me.

Then too there is a matter of 1725 Christmas gifts from the Elks for our  
patients. These unprecedented boxes were the back bone of our Christmas  
season. I was truly amazed at the extent and value of the presents and we  
have all been converted to believe in Santa Clause again. I do not have  
words to express appreciation for the contribution. All I can say is that  
the Elks were responsible for a tremendous amount of happiness during the  
Holiday Season. If you ever hear anyone say that these Veterans are being  
"Forgotten", please send them to me and I will straighten them out in a hurry  
by reviewing what the Elks have done for the Perry Point Veterans in 1947!

To every member of the B.P.O.E., the hospital sends its most sincere appreciation  
for your part in making the past year the best in History at Perry Point.

Very truly yours,

W. J. Schroeder  
W. J. SCHROEDER  
Chief, Special Services

An inquiry by or concerning an ex-service man or woman should, if possible, give veteran's name and file number, whether  
U.S.A., U.S.N. or V. If such file number is unknown, service or serial number should be given.



# **ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY** **THE ELKS NATIONAL** **VETERANS SERVICE** **COMMISSION**

These pictures represent a few of the hundreds of Christmas parties given for patients in Veterans Hospitals by lodges and State Associations all over the country, in conjunction with the splendid Christmas program of the Commission.



1. SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.



2. TUSCALOOSA, ALA.



3. CHICAGO (SOUTH SIDE), ILL.



4. MARION, IND.



5. MONTGOMERY, ALA.



6. MASSACHUSETTS ELKS ASSN.



7. ASHEVILLE, N. C.



8. ALEXANDRIA, LA.





9. PITTSBURGH, PA.



10. TRENTON, N. J.



11. NEWPORT NEWS, VA.



12. DEADWOOD, S. D.



13. COLUMBIA, S. C.



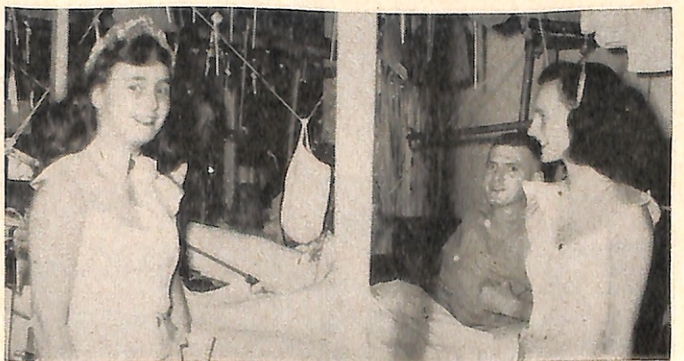
14. LOUISVILLE, KY.



15. SILVER SPRING, MD.



16. PORTSMOUTH, N. H.



17. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.



18. MISSOURI ELKS ASSN.



# THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

ONE OF GRAND EXALTED RULER L. A. Lewis' Midwestern visits was at the home of **FORT MADISON, IA., LODGE NO. 374**, when he was the guest of honor at a noon dinner in the lodge home. Over 400 members were on hand to hear his message which was preceded by a turkey dinner.

Mrs. Lewis accompanied her husband and was entertained at a little dinner party at a local hotel by the wives of the lodge officers.

On behalf of the members of his lodge, Exalted Ruler C. W. Sloan presented to the distinguished visitor an engraved Shaeffer desk set. Other guests included State Assn. Pres. C. E. Richards, Jr., who introduced Mr. Lewis, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, D.D. Harry Harder, State Assn. Treas. Arthur P. Lee, and Past State Pres. A. M. Umlandt.

That evening a delegation of approximately 50 Fort Madison Elks drove to Muscatine to be on hand for the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to the lodge there.

Over 350 members from lodges in the northeastern part of Oregon greeted Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis at the home of **THE DALLES, ORE., LODGE NO. 303** on Dec. 8th when he attended a dinner meeting there. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, Grand Esquire F. T. Garesche, D.D. W. R. Taylor and the officers of the host lodge were on hand. Mrs. Lewis was pleasantly entertained by the wives of the officers at a luncheon and tea.

On Dec. 11th, when the Grand Exalted Ruler's party, escorted by State Highway Patrolmen, was about two miles north of the city limits of Vancouver, Wash., it was stopped by a police road block. Mr. Lewis was relieved to learn that the ten-car blockade carried police officers who were on hand only to assist Mayor Vern Anderson, P.E.R., in extending the city's greetings. The Grand Exalted Ruler was then escorted to the home of **VANCOUVER, WASH., LODGE NO. 823**, where he was welcomed by E.R. J. A. Knapp and his corps of officers. Later a reception was held in the club rooms of the lodge home, when members and their wives had the pleasure of meeting the honored guests. During the reception E. R. Knapp interviewed L. A. Lewis over radio station KVAN. Among those present on this occasion were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, Emmett T. Anderson, a member of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, D.D. E. T. Krefting and many other prominent civic leaders.

Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis and Mrs. Lewis, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Heying, Mr. and Mrs. Pearson and M. H. Starkweather, Treas. of the Arizona Hospital for Tubercular patients in Tucson, arrived in Ajo, Arizona, at 12:30 p.m. on January 6th when they were greeted by officers, members and their wives of **AJO, ARIZ., LODGE NO. 1576**. A luncheon was held shortly after, and then the party went on a series of sightseeing tours which the officials of the Phelps Dodge Corp. had arranged for them. The tours included visits to the Open Pit Mining Properties and New Cornelia Concentrator. The party then returned to the lodge home where Mr. Lewis had the opportunity to meet other officers and members of the local lodge, and those Elks from **GLOBE LODGE NO. 489** who had traveled 200 miles to be at this party.

At Tucson, Mr. Starkweather, Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, presented a check for \$1,000 to Mr. Lewis as an additional contribution to the Elks National Foundation, bringing the total sum contributed by **TUCSON LODGE NO. 385** to \$11,000. At this meeting, the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed a gathering of more than 500 members of the lodge.

A "Pot Luck Dinner" was held in the American Legion home, in honor of the Order's leader and his party. About 40 members and their wives had traveled 120 miles from Phoenix to attend the dinner, at which 215 persons were served. After the dinner a dance was held at the Legion home.

On the following morning, after breakfast of elk steak furnished by Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Anderson in the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Russell Jr., the official party left for Tucson.

When Mr. Lewis visited the home of **SANTA FE, N. M. LODGE NO. 460** on Jan. 9th, a banquet was held in his honor at the La Fonda Hotel. This dinner was attended by many Elk dignitaries from all over the State of New Mexico, and El Paso, Texas. As part of the program, a Navajo rug was presented to Mr. Lewis, and Gov. Thomas J. Mabry conferred on him a colonel's commission in the New Mexico National Guard.

However, the greatest interest was aroused when E. R. Charles T. Vandervort remarked that no gavels presented to Grand Exalted Rulers were heavy enough "to get the job done." With this in mind, Mr. Vandervort handed Mr. Lewis a San Domingo Indian war club for his use as a gavel, with the comment that he knew this club would be heavy enough to do its job.

1 Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis, left, and E.R. Chas. T. Vandervort of Santa Fe, N. M., Lodge hold the latest thing in gavels, to the amusement of Mrs. Lewis, seated between them, and the Indians who stand at the rear.

2 At Havre de Grace, Md., were, left to right, Trustees Edward E. Hollahan and W. F. Forwood, Mr. Lewis, E.R. Abe Davis and James Barnes.

3 When the official party arrived in Vancouver, Wash., they were greeted by Mayor Vern Anderson and a guard of City Police. Included here are D.D. E. T. Krefting, Emmett T. Anderson of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan.

4 When Mr. Lewis arrived in Tucson, Ariz., he was greeted with a "rope party" made up of the Tucson Vigilantes. The "charge" against the Grand Exalted Ruler involved appearing in town without Western clothes.

5 This is a view of the head table group at Berlin, N. H., Lodge's banquet for the Order's leader. Included are Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Past Grand Treas. John F. Burke, Past Grand Tiler Charles Durrell and many other Elk dignitaries, including Edward A. Spry, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and civic officials.



5. BERLIN, N. H.





1. SANTA FE, N. M.



Goldcraft Studios

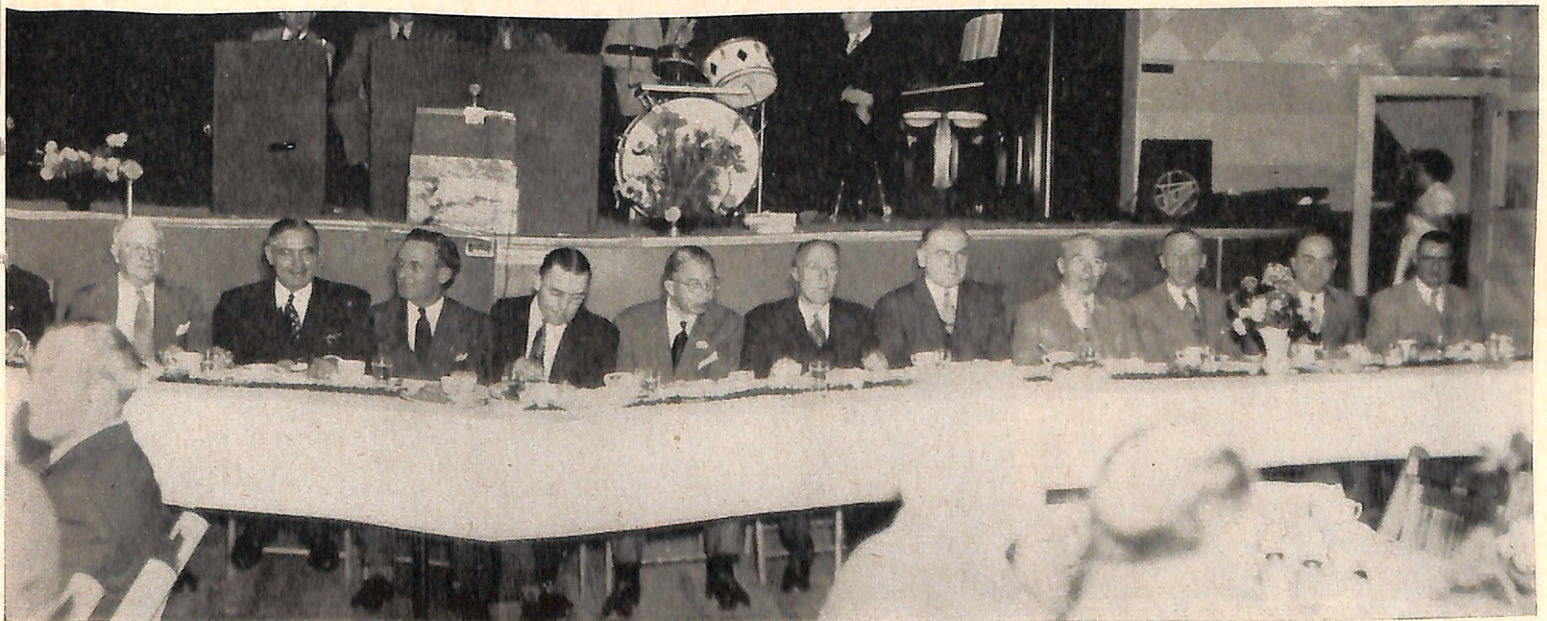
2. HAVRE DE GRACE, MD.



3. VANCOUVER, WASH.



4. TUCSON, ARIZ.





1

At the Tacoma, Wash., meeting were, left to right: D.D. Emmett T. Krefting, State Secy. Victor Zednick, State Pres. Arthur Oschsner, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, Chairman John E. Drummey of the Board of Grand Trustees, Emmett Anderson, a member of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, and V. P. McNamara and Adolph Norin, Vice-Pres. and Treas. of the Wash. Elks Assn., respectively.

2

At Ithaca, N. Y., Lodge to greet Mr. Lewis were, left to right, P.E.R. E. E. Tunison, Est. Loyal Knight Norman G. Stagg, State Vice-Pres. E. F. Hourihan, Mr. Lewis, E.R. Geo. A. Blean, Roy Martin, D.D. Douglas Grant and William Fraser, Exec. Secy. of the Elks Veterans Service Commission.

3

Mr. Lewis is pictured with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Lonergan, Past Grand Esquire F. T. Garesche, D.D. W. R. Taylor and The Dalles, Ore., Elks.

4

E.R. Raleigh Lambe, right, greets D.D. O. W. Heying, left, and Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis at Brawley, Calif.

5

Chairman John E. Drummey, of the Board of Grand Trustees, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Gov. C. A. Robbins chat with a young patient of the Idaho State Elks Association's Crippled Children's Convalescent Home.

6

Left to right, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, State Assn. Pres. C. E. Richards, Jr., Mr. Lewis and E.R. C. W. Sloan are pictured when Mr. Sloan presented a desk set to the Grand Exalted Ruler on behalf of Fort Madison, Ia., Lodge.

7

At Gary, Ind., were State Secy. C. E. Shideler, State Pres. Dr. A. A. Pielemeier, Clarence Goris, Pres. of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Lewis, Grand Treas. Joseph B. Kyle, S. N. Jenks, Genl. Mgr. of the U.S. Steel Corp., and Acting E.R. R. D. Leever.

8

Mrs. L. A. Lewis, left, receives a gift from Mrs. Virginia Morris, representing the ladies of Ajo, Ariz., Lodge.

9

When Mr. and Mrs. Lewis visited Raton, N. M., Lodge, little Miss Miller, daughter of Elk Al Miller, presented a bouquet to Mrs. Lewis as Eleanor Huffman, wife of D.D. Grady Huffman, looked on.



1. TACOMA, WASH.



2. ITHACA, N. Y.

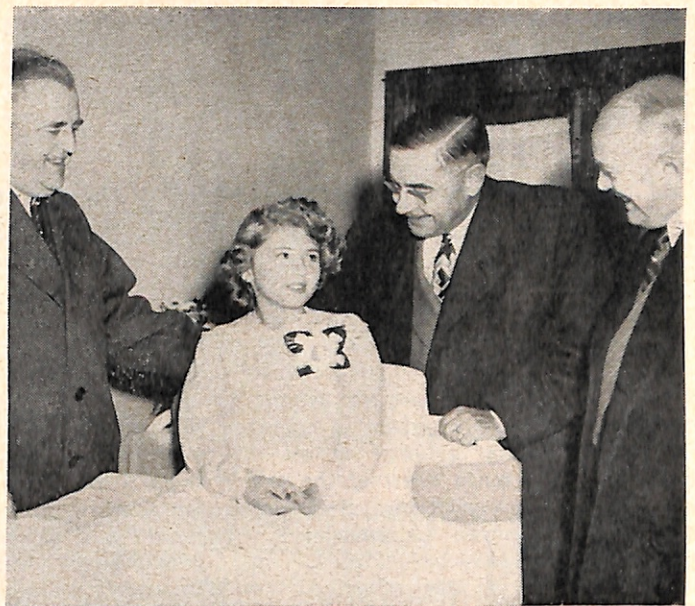


3. THE DALLES, ORE.





4. BRAWLEY, CALIF.



5. IDAHO STATE ELKS ASSN.



6. FORT MADISON, IA.



7. GARY, IND.



8. AJO, ARIZ.



9. RATON, N. M.



# News of the SUBORDINATE LODGES

**BUTTE, MONT.,** Lodge, No. 240, not long ago put on a program of superb entertainment for a large crowd of members. The main draw of the evening was the mystifying sleight-of-hand artist, George L. Weisensel of Chicago, a professional wizard. Another feature of the program was three fast boxing bouts slated by members of Troy Evans' Elks Club Classes.

Mr. Weisensel is proclaimed by many to be one of the finest in his profession and is frequently called upon by Elk lodges to perform at meetings and at programs put on for the entertainment of hospitalized veterans. The most recent of these were at Fargo, N. D., and Milwaukee, Wis.

**JOLIET, ILL.,** Lodge, No. 296, recently provided an enjoyable entertainment for the patients at the VA Hospital at Dwight. Those who took part in the program, and a number of Joliet Elks, made the trip to the hospital in a chartered bus and private cars. Irving Hershfield emceed the affair which consisted of dance numbers, songs by a barber shop quartet, and demonstrations of magic and mind-reading. Later the Elks visited bed-ridden patients and distributed candy, fruit and cigarettes to all.

The ladies of Joliet Lodge have been active during the past few months, giving a series of card parties which has attracted much favorable comment.

**SAN ANTONIO, TEX.,** Lodge, No. 217, recently initiated 201 men into the Order in one of the largest groups inducted into a Southwestern lodge in many years. Since that time another 19 men have been added to the rolls when Secy. C. E. Smeltz addressed the candidates. An enjoyable social hour followed the meeting. D.D. Felix L. Gay paid his official visit to the home of No. 217 not long ago and delivered a splendid speech.

**PETERSBURG, VA.,** Lodge, No. 237, won a prize with its handsome booth at the Petersburg Fair not long ago. The lounge of the lodge home afforded its members and the general public quite a bit of comfort and pleasure, and a large number of tickets for the dance held in conjunction with the Fair was sold there.

**LOS ANGELES, CALIF.,** Lodge, No. 99, proudly participated, along with other lodges, in the grand tour of the Boys' Town Choir of 49 voices. During the Choir's numerous appearances in Southern California, the boys were quartered by No. 99 and in appreciation they gave a special lodge performance, covering a wide range of selections.

Other lodges which received the Choir included Las Cruces, N. M., San Diego, Long Beach, Bakersfield, Porterville, San Jose, San Francisco, Pacific Grove and Oakland, Calif., Salt Lake City, Utah, and Denver, Pueblo, and Greeley, Colo. The boys traveled in two chartered buses, covering 5,800 miles. John Flanagan, nephew of Father Flanagan, made the necessary arrangements.

**MUSKOGEE, OKLA.,** Lodge, No. 517, has formed a committee to begin the organization of a Midland Valley Boy Scout Troop, in accordance with the Grand Lodge program.

The assistance given by the Muskogee Elks to the local school children received a vote of thanks from Mrs. Jewell D. Reeves, Visiting Teacher for the Muskogee City Schools. Mrs. Reeves sent a letter to Mrs. W. C. Thompson of the Ladies Auxiliary of No. 517, in which she expressed the appreciation of 135 school children who have been clothed by Muskogee Lodge.

**ELIZABETH, N. J.,** Lodge, No. 289, brightened the lives of some 200 physically handicapped children not long ago, when the Elks Crippled Children's Committee sponsored a gay party for them at the lodge home. A large selection of gifts, refreshments and delightful entertainment kept the little ones happy for hours.

**HARRISBURG, ILL.,** Lodge, No. 1058, initiated 41 men recently in honor of Dr. H. J. Raley, who made his official visit that evening as District Deputy and addressed the members on hand for the ceremony. Most of the class entered Harrisburg Lodge, but several candidates from Marion Lodge were also in the group.

E.R. I. M. Taylor presided at the meeting and P.E.R. Lewis Fulkerson acted as Exalted Ruler during the initiation ceremonies.

**1** The famed Boys' Town Choir is pictured as its 49 voices sang to a large crowd at Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge.

**2** Members of Pomona, Calif., Lodge are pictured with some of the children of the Casa Colina Convalescent Home who will be aided by the lodge's donation of \$1,435, representing the proceeds from a motorcycle race sponsored by the lodge.

**3** Officers of Newark, N. Y., Lodge are pictured with P.D.D. Francis Hart, Past State Presidents Harry Darling and D. Curtis Gano, D.D. T. R. Beales, State Vice-Pres. Roland Quade, State Trustee Joseph Spratt, and P.D.D.'s Charles Fegley, Frederick T. Boehem and Dearborn V. Hardie.

**4** Murphysboro, Ill., Lodge's gift of a hospital litter is turned over to the Veterans Hospital at Marion by E.R. Herman C. Ihle and other Elk officials.

**5** The Boy Scout Troop sponsored by Adams, Mass., Lodge is pictured prior to a banquet when 150 members saw them put on their ritual.

**6** Here is the speakers' table at the banquet held by Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge to welcome home its members who are World War II veterans. Present were U. S. Senator E. W. McFarland, U. S. Representative Richard F. Harless, Secretary of State Dan E. Garvey and many Elk dignitaries.

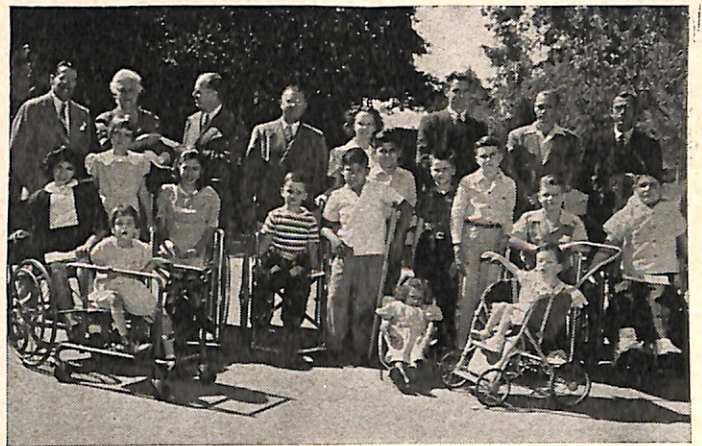
**7** When D.D. Verne R. Carr paid his official visit to New Castle, Pa., Lodge over 500 members were on hand, including D.D. George Edwards, Past State Presidents Ralph Robinson, Lee A. Donaldson and Wilbur P. Baird, and P.D.D.'s Howard Ellis, J. Wilson Bonzo, Harry T. Kleean, Clark H. Buell, C. W. Herman Hess, L. F. Laughrey and Walter C. DeArment, and E. A. Clark of the N. W. Dist.

**8** A group of Rochester, N. Y., Elks listen to music from the "joke box" they presented to Frank Gannett, newspaper publisher and founder of "The Barn". The music-machine has been placed in "The Barn" which is a popular teen-agers' "dry" night-club.





1. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



2. POMONA, CALIF.



3. NEWARK, N. Y.



4. MURPHYSBORO, ILL.



5. ADAMS, MASS.



6. PHOENIX, ARIZ.



7. NEW CASTLE, PA.



8. ROCHESTER, N. Y.



1

Pottsville, Pa., Lodge's softball team, three-year winners of the Schuylkill County Championship.

2

D.D. Charles S. Harrell presents to E.R. H. Kenneth Martin and officers of Washington, Mo., Lodge its Permanent Benefactors Certificate in the Elks National Foundation.

3

E.R. Edward T. McDonough of Red Bank, N. J., Lodge presents a \$2,000 check to Mayor Charles R. English for use of the Riverview Hospital. Witnessing the ceremony are Elk and hospital officials.

4

P.D.D. Joseph F. Conrad, makes the Kick-Off starting Scranton, Pa., Lodge's membership campaign, as E.R. Jerome E. Parker holds the ball for him and other Elk officials watch.

15

Mr. and Mrs. John Joseph Walsh and their three sets of twins are pictured with E.R. Francis E. Cole who presented Quincy, Mass., Lodge's \$100 check to the remarkable family.

6

Sister Lafleur, R.N., Sister Superior and Superintendent of the Notre Dame Hospital, accepts for the institution the gift of a traction bed from Est. Lead, Knight Harry Miles of Manchester, N. H., Lodge, as other Elk officials look on. Two other hospitals also received gifts from the lodge.

7

Milford, Mass., Lodge recently honored veteran American Baseball League Umpire "Bill" Summers, a member of the lodge for 27 years, at a banquet. Seated are Ed Hurley, another AL umpire, Mr. Summers, and National League umpires Bill Stewart and Artie Gore.

8

Elks National Foundation Scholarship Award winners, Jack Harrington and Rose Sullivan, receive their \$100 checks from Carroll Fabian, Chairman of Butte, Mont., Lodge's Scholarship Committee.

9

At Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge are State Pres. William Edelmuth, E.R. Edward Boland, State Trustee Thomas J. Whalen, State Vice-Pres. Ernest L. Tinkelpaugh and D.D. James Gunn.

10

Here are some of the members of Medford, Ore., Lodge packing food for shipment to Europe.

11

D.D. George L. Nuckolls holds Durango, Colo., Lodge's mortgage as P.P.D. W. L. Birkhimer lights it, and lodge officials look on.

12

An oxygen machine and tent are presented to the Bloomsburg, Pa., Hospital by members of the local lodge.



1. POTTSVILLE, PA.



2. WASHINGTON, MO.



3. RED BANK, N. J.

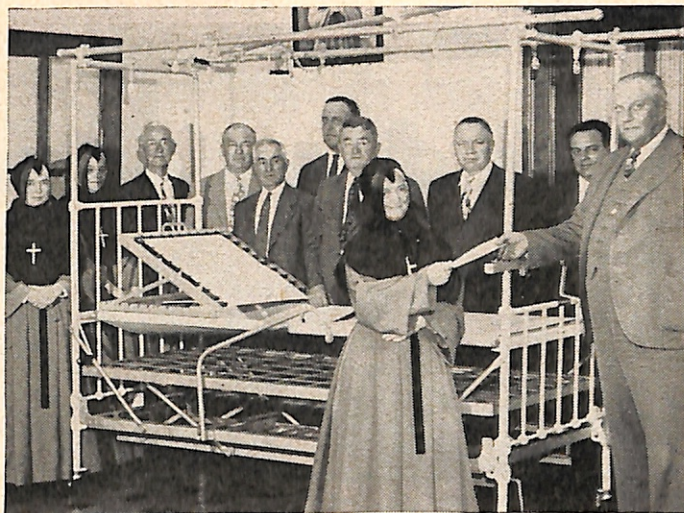


4. SCRANTON, PA.





5. QUINCY, MASS.



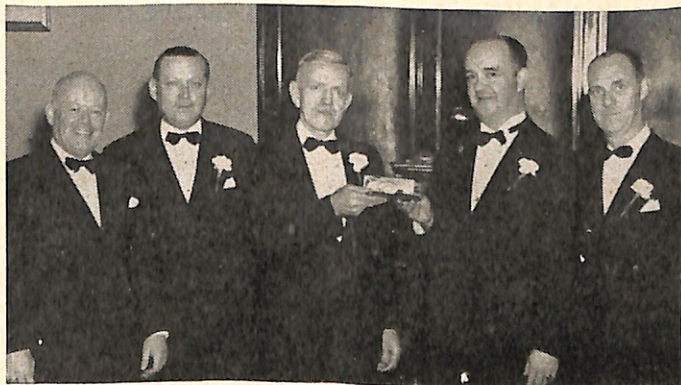
6. MANCHESTER, N. H.



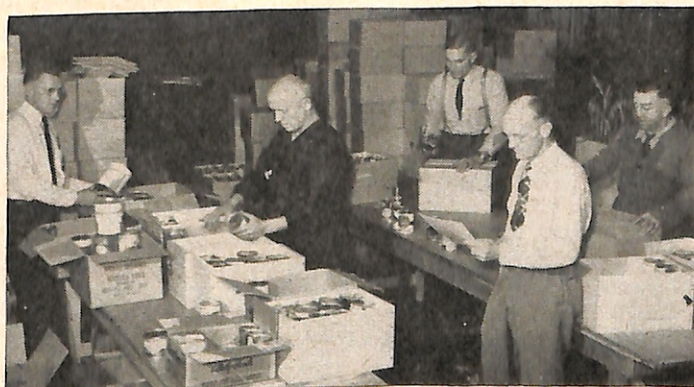
7. MILFORD, MASS.



8. BUTTE, MONT.



9. POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.



10. MEDFORD, ORE.



11. DURANGO, COLO.



12. BLOOMSBURG, PA.



# NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE

# LODGES

**WILMINGTON, OHIO**, Lodge, No. 797, has purchased the three-story brick building which has housed its lodge rooms since 1909. The deal was completed recently when more than \$10,000 had been contributed by 250 local members. The 150-odd members living in outlying districts will be contacted for contributions to help pay off the remainder of indebtedness.

Erected in 1879, the building was purchased by the late Lawrence Egan, a member of the lodge, whose interest in the Order caused him to remodel the second floor of the building into suitable lodge quarters. A few years later, Mr. Egan altered the third floor for rental. His daughter, Mrs. J. J. Arnold, inherited the building and offered to the Elks the first opportunity for purchase at a low price.

The first floor of the building is divided into three business rooms. The Elks have their parlor and recreation rooms on the second floor, and the lodge and banquet rooms on the third floor.

**HOLYOKE, MASS.**, Lodge, No. 902, presented a \$300 check to George Cliche, winner of the lodge's Scholarship Fund Award. The presentation was made by E.R. Theodore C. Kedzier-ski. This is the first of four payments, the remainder of which will be given to him during the month of September in the next three years to defray his expenses at the University of Massachusetts. Another student will be started on a college career by No. 902 in 1948, and also will receive \$1,200 over a four-year period. This arrangement will continue until September, 1950, when \$1,200 will be given each September to four deserving students.

One of the last official acts of Arthur J. Brouillet, who recently resigned as lodge Treasurer after 25 years, was to present No. 902's check to the annual Community Chest Drive. The members of Holyoke Lodge gave a testimonial dinner in honor of Mr. Brouillet, when he received an engraved wrist watch in appreciation of his many years of devoted service.

**HERRIN, ILL.**, Lodge, No. 1146, turned out in good number to welcome D.D. Dr. H. J. Raley on his official visit. Immediately following the banquet held in his honor, most of the 200 Elk diners adjourned to the lodge room for the initiation of 14 candidates, and to hear Dr. Raley's fine address.

**BUCKHANNON, W. VA.**, Lodge, No. 1756, came into existence at the home of Clarksburg Lodge No. 482, with 250 members present. The emergency meeting was called to institute the lodge by D.D. Victor Rancinger, who presided at the ceremonies, at which the officers of Fairmont Lodge conducted the initiation of three dimitted members and 34 new Elks. The officers of the new lodge were installed by the leaders of Clarksburg Lodge.

P.D.D. L. T. Eddy addressed the gathering, as did A. E. Kallmerten, Pres. of the W. Va. Elks Assn. A new Buckhannon Elk, Matthew Edminston, spoke briefly, thanking Fairmont and Clarksburg Lodges, as well as D.D. Rancinger, for their help in getting the new lodge organized. E.R. Robert J. Helmick, on behalf of Fairmont Lodge, presented a silk altar flag to E.R. Charles E. Fretwell of No. 1756. The meeting closed with a social session arranged by the host lodge.

**PORT JERVIS, N. Y.**, Lodge, No. 645, presented Victory Medals to 81 of its members during a special Veterans Night program attended by more than 200 persons. Introduced by Bradley Boyle, Program Chairman, 80 veterans lined up in company formation in the tastefully decorated lodge room and received the awards from Master Sergeants John H. Banks and James Womack, representing the Army, while Chief Boatswain's Mate Michael Lisi and Chief Water Tender Bird Smith distributed awards to Navy and Marine Corps veterans.

Army veterans received both the Victory Medal and the American Defense Service Medal. A feature of the ceremony was the presentation of a Victory Medal to E.R. Charles E. Bierlein by Officer Lisi. A similar medal was pinned to the lapel of Mayor John F. Schoonmaker, immediate P.E.R., by Sgt. Banks. Later on movies were shown through the services of Albert Austin, a member of Middletown Lodge.

**JEFFERSON CITY, MO.**, Lodge, No. 513, disliked the idea of its city's having a newsboy without a bicycle to deliver his papers. A member of No. 513 started the ball rolling with a donation to a bicycle fund for young Roy Patton, and in no time at all enough money had been contributed to secure a deluxe model. On Christmas morning Roy Patton appreciatively whipped around his route in record time.

**1** This photograph shows the presentation by Huntington, N.Y., Lodge of two Emerson Television sets to the servicemen hospitalized at the Veterans Facility at Northport, L.I.

**2** Representatives of Lakewood, N.J., Lodge are pictured with officials of the Paul Kimball Hospital when a modern, fully-equipped operating table was presented to that institution by the members of Lakewood Lodge.

**3** Here are 46 new members of Trenton, Mo., Lodge with officers and visiting Elk officials, including D.D. J. M. Cosgrove, and State Pres. John T. Dumont.

**4** Everett, Mass., Lodge's National Championship Ritualistic Team is pictured in the City Hall Auditorium at Bath, Me., when D.D. Robert Brewer and Maine State Elks Association President Edward J. McMann were on hand to watch the team initiate a class for Bath Lodge.

**5** This gathering of officials attending the dedication of the 80-acre Girl Scout Camp purchased by Burlington, Ia., Lodge includes leading Elk, Girl Scout and civic leaders. A 580-foot well has been dug at the expense of the lodge, which also purchased 14 loads of gravel for a road at the camp. All underbrush has been cleared by the Elks, a mess hall built and new gasoline range purchased, together with lumber for tent floors, DDT spray for health protection and two large war surplus tents.





1. HUNTINGTON, N. Y.



2. LAKEWOOD, N. J.



3. TRENTON, MO.



4. BATH, ME.



5. BURLINGTON, IA.



1

Treas. Alf Diefenderfer presents to E.R. Fred Joyce, Sheridan, Wyo., Lodge's \$10,000 check for the Sheridan County Hospital Fund.

2

Clyde E. Jones, Justice of the Grand Forum, right, presents Ottumwa, Ia., Lodge's \$3,500 check for a Boy Scout camp to Council Executive Kenneth Swink. E.R. Iloff Allender and Scout Jimmy Cunningham look on.

3

Young George Stuart is shown with the bicycle he received from Omaha, Neb., Lodge. Grouped around him are Secy. Penn P. Fodrea, E.R. L. T. MacDonald, P.E.R. A. V. Heckman and Mrs. Stuart.

4

Bellows Falls, Vt., Elks are shown at the VA Hospital in White River Junction following their donation of blood for the use of the patients.

5

Here is the \$23,000 Mobile X-ray Unit presented to the State Board of Health by the Kentucky Elks Assn.

6

Retiring Treas. Arthur J. Brouillet of Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, second from left, hands his lodge's \$1,500 check to Stuart A. Russell for the Community Chest Drive. E.R. Theodore C. Kedzierski stands at right, and Chairman Horace J. Honey of the Ways and Means Committee at the left.

7

New members of Lorain, Ohio, Lodge are 86-year-old Frank P. Bins, center, and Alvin J. Wiegand, 68, left. H. A. Keck, right, is Chairman of the lodge's Activities Committee.

8

Trustees Roland Cameron, E. C. Layman, Carl F. Seyboldt and Frank Weir burn the mortgage on the home of Defiance, Ohio, Lodge.

9

Left to right: Est. Lead. Knight W. L. Sawyer, E.R. Al Scheppers and James C. Kirkpatrick, with newsboy Roy Patton and the bicycle Jefferson City, Mo., Lodge gave him.

10

State of Washington Elks Francis Kennedy and Cecil Cary visit Decatur, Ind., Lodge on their cross-country horse-back journey to New York State.

11

P.E.R. Judge John J. Van Nostrand, left, and E.R. George Baader of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, right, present to Roy Murdock the lodge's \$2,000 scholarship award.

12

Alameda, Calif., Lodge recently dedicated a Hammond Organ in its lodge rooms as a "Living War Memorial" to those members who gave their lives in World Wars I and II. Left to right are E.R. Raymond P. Kranelly, State Chaplain Rev. David Todd Gilmore, Hal Schutz and P.E.R. Alec Low.



1. SHERIDAN, WYO.



2. OTTUMWA, IA.



3. OMAHA, NEB.

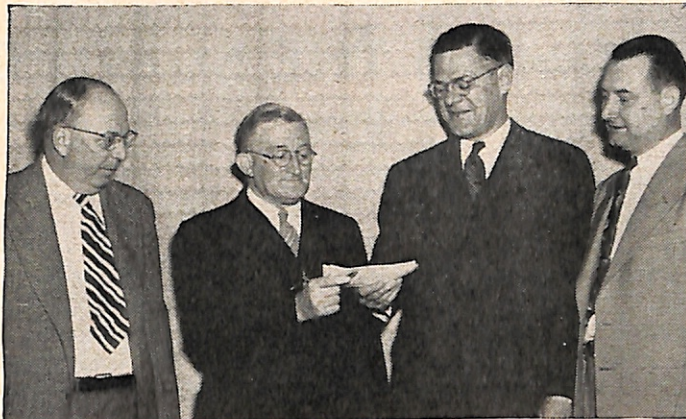


4. BELLOWS FALLS, VT.





5. KENTUCKY ELKS ASSN.



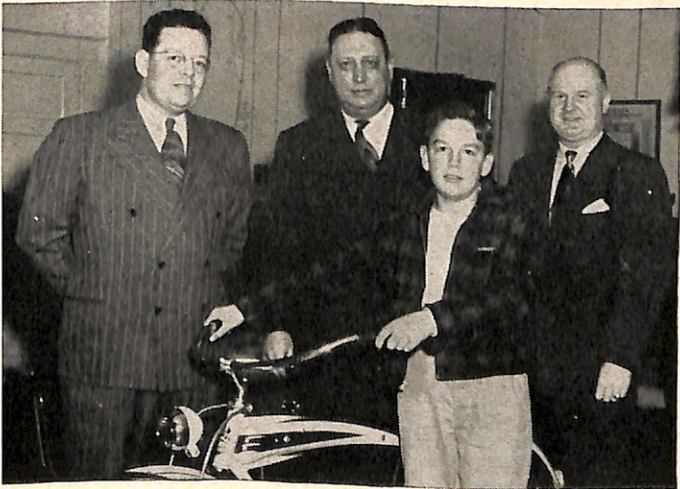
6. HOLYOKE, MASS.



7. LORAIN, OHIO



8. DEFIANCE, OHIO



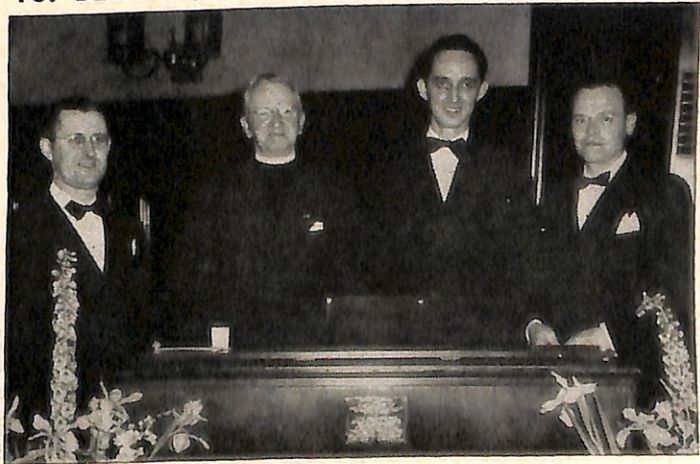
9. JEFFERSON CITY, MO.



10. DECATUR, IND.



11. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.



12. ALAMEDA, CALIF.



# NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE

# LODGES

**OMAHA, NEB.,** Lodge, No. 39, has an Act of Friendship Committee that doesn't miss a chance to do a good turn, for which nine-year-old George A. Stuart is very grateful. Four years ago, George was burned from ankle to hip and as a result spent 18 months in the hospital, returning for treatment and skin grafts since that time. On his return home he entered an essay contest on "What Thanksgiving Day 1947 Means to Me" for which he received a \$5.00 prize—a start toward his goal of a bicycle. C. C. Cain, a member of Omaha Lodge, learned of George's dream, and arranged to secure a bike for him. The members of the Act of Friendship Committee for December made the presentation. A few days later, the same Committee donated a doll-house to the Hattie B. Munroe Home for Convalescent Children.

**BELLOWS FALLS, VT.,** Lodge, No. 1619, takes good care of the patients at the VA Hospital in White River Junction, about 40 miles from Bellows Falls. Beano games are put on for the boys' enjoyment, with a great number of prizes. Recently the members of No. 1619 learned that while the hospital had plenty of blood plasma, there was a shortage of fresh, whole blood. Consequently, a group of members made the trip to White River Junction and made blood donations for the use of the veterans, while another Elk committee was conducting a beano game and giving

candy and cigarettes to those patients unable to leave their rooms.

**HUNTINGTON, N. Y.,** Lodge, No. 1565, as part of its Christmas activities, presented to the Northport Veterans Facility two Emerson television sets for the pleasure of the many veterans confined there. Formal presentation ceremonies were held at the lodge home, when the hospital was represented by David E. Kennamer, Executive Officer, and Nat Pierce, Special Service Officer. E.R. Leroy B. Iserman, on behalf of his lodge, turned over the sets to the institution where they are now being enjoyed by the patients. The idea of this gift originated in the minds of the Veterans Welfare Committee of Huntington Lodge, the members of which are all war veterans and also responsible for the raising of the necessary funds to make the purchase.

**ORLANDO, FLA.,** Lodge, No. 1079, is the sponsor of the Tangerine Bowl football game which came into existence on New Year's Day in 1947. That game brought in the sizable sum of \$3,000 as its net proceeds, all of which was contributed to the Harry-Anna Crippled Children's Home. This made No. 1079 the largest "per member" contributor to the Home for the past year. The proceeds from the recent New Year's Day game were much larger and it is hoped and expected that each year will see it grow.

1

These boys attended the dinner held by Seminole, Okla., Lodge for local football stars and coaches.

2

D.D. John M. Collin, second from left, back row, with Nowata, Okla., Elk officials on his visit to that lodge.

3

Here are the youthful members of the Minstrel Show, pictured with Washington, D. C., Elks, when over 400 orphans were entertained by the lodge.

4

D.D. James T. Raines, seated with the white-garbed officers of Crookston, Minn., Lodge, pictured with the candidates recently initiated in his honor.

5

D.D. Dr. H. J. Raley, third from right, front row, is shown with officers of Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge and the class of 41 men initiated in his honor.

## LYNBROOK, N. Y., LODGE PRESENTS A CANDIDATE FOR GRAND EXALTED RULER

**A**T A regular session of Lynbrook Lodge, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: **RESOLVED:** That Lynbrook Lodge No. 1515 of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks presents the name of George I. Hall, P.E.R., for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, at the Session of the Grand Lodge, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, July, 1948.

Mr. Hall's record of service in the Order of Elks extends over a period of 22 years. He was initiated into Lynbrook Lodge in 1926, and was appointed Esquire in 1931 in recognition of his service as member and chairman of many important committees. Following his appointment to the various chair offices, he was elected Exalted Ruler in 1936 when he distinguished himself through his leadership and devotion to the Order. His work in behalf of Lynbrook Lodge did much to make it one of the outstanding branches of the Fraternity.

During the years 1937 and 1938 he served as District Deputy for the Southeastern District of New York and thereafter was elected President of the Past Exalted Rulers' Assn. of that district. His outstanding ability won recognition of the Grand Lodge and for the year 1939-40 he served as a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and was reappointed the following year. The New York State Elks Association recognized his leadership and

elected him its President in 1941. He served as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee from 1942 through 1944, when he was elected Grand Trustee for five years. Mr. Hall has served as Home Member of that Board for one year, as Secretary for two and as Secretary and Vice-Chairman for the past two years.

Born in New York City 52 years ago, George I. Hall has been married for 31 years. He has one son, George M. Hall, also a member of the Order, and a five-year-old grandson. During World War I, the Grand Trustee served in the United States Navy. All through his life he has been vigorously interested in civic, patriotic and charitable activities of his community. He is an officer of one of the largest corporations in the United States, a director of the Queens County Federal Savings and Loan Association, a member of the Downtown Athletic Club of New York City and a member of the New York Stock Transfer Association. His life has been distinguished by his services to his fellow men and his wholehearted devotion to Elkdom has resulted in the recognition of his lodge, his State Association and the Grand Lodge.

Lynbrook Lodge No. 1515 invites your consideration of Brother Hall for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler on his record as an Elk and his standing as a representative citizen of our country.





1. SEMINOLE, OKLA.



2. NOWATA, OKLA.



3. WASHINGTON, D. C.



4. CROOKSTON, MINN.



5. HARRISBURG, ILL.



# NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

**LAWRENCE, KANS.,** Lodge, No. 595, wasted no effort in securing wheat for the Friendship Train. The lodge published an advertisement in the local newspaper, which was instrumental in raising a voluntary contribution of \$1,500 in individual gifts from Lawrence Elks. The lodge also underwrote Franklin County's contribution of \$900 worth of wheat which the County could not raise in time for the arrival of the Train.

**LORAIN, OHIO,** Lodge, No. 1301, enjoyed a "coon roast" prepared from seven raccoons bagged by straight-shooting Elks; these included a 28-pounder downed by Harland Dolamore.

One of the members of a large class recently initiated by No. 1301 was 86-year-old Frank P. Bins who is believed to be one of the oldest men ever inducted.

**MANCHESTER, N. H.,** Lodge, No. 146, has again demonstrated its interest in the public welfare with the presentation of vitally needed equipment to three local hospitals. A steel corridor table was given to the Elliot Hospital, a traction bed to the Notre Dame Hospital and an oxygen tent to the Sacred Heart Hospital.

All these presentations were made at ceremonies participated in by officers of the lodge and hospital officials.

**OREGON STATE ELKS ASSN.** The midwinter session of the Arizona State Elks Assn. in Astoria on Jan. 17th had the largest attendance of any meeting for that season in its history. Reports were heard from various committees, including the Veterans' Entertainment Committee which is doing outstanding work. Ernest L. Scott, Secretary of the Association, reported that more than \$3,000 had been collected for the Elks Veterans' Christmas Fund, and that almost every lodge had contributed. The Most Valuable Student Contest Committee anticipates that between \$2,500 and \$3,000 will be given to students by lodges, the State Assn. and the Elks National Foundation.

The 1948 Convention of the Association will take place on June 18th and 19th at Roseburg.

**OGDEN, UTAH,** Lodge, No. 719, is sponsoring a Western States Lodges Annual Championship Bowling Tournament at Paramount Bowl in Ogden April 2nd and 3rd. Entries close midnight March 27th when they must be in the office of the Tournament Manager, B. P. O. Elks Lodge No. 719, 2527 Grant Ave., Ogden, accompanied by necessary fees for each event entered. Scratch and handicap events 66⅔% of 200 for handicap. \$5.00 per man per event, with an all-event entrance fee of \$1.00 for scratch only.

**ONTARIO, CALIF.,** Lodge, No. 1419, in line with the Grand Exalted Ruler's request, is planning to adopt an aggressive plan to sponsor and assist financially in the Boy Scout program. Members of No. 1419's Boys' Committee have met with Boy Scout representatives and will organize an Explorer Scout Unit, which will be the first advanced Scout Troop of its type in that area.

The members of Ontario lodge recently presented a \$650 check to Sister Smith, Executive Secretary of the Casa Colina Home for Crippled Children. Each year the lodge stages a Charity Minstrel Show and the net proceeds are donated to various charitable institutions. This year Ontario Lodge realized a little over \$2,000 on this project.

**BERKELEY, CALIF.,** Lodge, No. 1002, is very pleased with its plan for raising funds to finance scholarships and summer camps for needy youth. Under the lodge's sponsorship, the traditional football game between Berkeley and Piedmont High Schools was moved from the small prep school gridiron to the University of California's huge Memorial Stadium. Fifteen thousand witnessed the game, won by Berkeley, the proceeds of which were divided between the high school and the lodge's Youth Activities.

## Grand Lodge Activities Committee Bulletin Contest

Your Grand Lodge Activities Committee, recognizing the immeasurable value of the subordinate lodge bulletin and to stimulate interest in lodge bulletins by all branches of our Order, is again sponsoring an Elks National Bulletin Contest.

On behalf of and with the approval of the Grand Exalted Ruler, the Committee will award trophies for first, second and third places to lodges in the following classifications:

- Lodges up to 500 members—**  
1st, 2nd and 3rd Awards
- Lodges 501 to 1000 members—**  
1st, 2nd and 3rd Awards
- Lodges over 1000 members—**  
1st, 2nd and 3rd Awards

Editors of winning bulletins will also be awarded suitable prizes in

recognition of their efforts.

Lodges will be classified on their membership as of April 1st, 1947, as shown in the 1947 Grand Lodge reports. In order to qualify, lodge bulletins must conform to the provisions of Section 214 of the Grand Lodge Statutes. Entries which do not so conform will be automatically disqualified.

Select any four of your regular lodge bulletins published during the lodge year, April 1, 1947, to March 31, 1948. Bind them neatly in a binder or cover and mail your entry to Bert A. Thompson, Elks National Memorial Headquarters Bldg., 2750 Lake View Avenue, Chicago 14, Ill., not later than March 31st, 1948.

Entries will be graded by judges as to comprehensive coverage of

lodge and club activities; make-up and appearance; art work; reader interest; readability, etc. Elaborate or expensive bindings are neither necessary nor desirable.

All entries will be exhibited at the Grand Lodge Convention in Philadelphia, Pa., and announcement of awards will be made at one of the Grand Lodge Sessions.

*Bert A. Thompson, Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, for the Grand Lodge Activities Committee:*

*C. P. Hebenstreit, Chairman  
Edward A. Spry  
Marcus M. Archer  
John B. Floyd  
R. L. Wright*

**ENTRIES MUST BE IN THE MAIL  
BEFORE APRIL 1, 1948**



**WASHINGTON, D. C.,** Lodge, No. 15, had about 400 children as its guests recently when Johnny Reh's 14-act vaudeville show and Rita Johnson, motion picture star, entertained the youngsters from 22 different orphan homes. Clark Griffith, Washington baseball team owner, and radio announcer Arch McDonald were also present. The children were transported by bus to and from the lodge home and thoroughly enjoyed both the show and the refreshments that were served. The program was also given in hospitals and Children's Homes in the District of Columbia, Maryland and Virginia.



**1. ARKANSAS STATE ELKS ASSN.**

**1**

Veterans enjoy themselves at a party given for them in No. Little Rock, Ark.

**2**

Est. Lead. Knight Glenn B. Dorning presents Ontario, Calif., Lodge's \$650 check to Sister Smith, Executive Secretary of the Casa Colina Home for Crippled Children, as other members and officers of the lodge, and several of the children look on.

**3**

Officers and members of Coalinga, Calif., Lodge present to Miss Corrine Smith, an infantile paralysis victim, an electric Autoette.

**4**

These men represent the Class "AA" Knothole Baseball 1946 and 1947 Champion Team, sponsored by Middletown, Ohio, Lodge, which received the 1947 Sportsmanship Trophy.

**KY. ELKS ASSN.** At Owensboro, Ky., a \$23,000 Mobile X-ray Unit was turned over to the State Board of Health by the Kentucky Elks Assn. The gift was presented by Bernard Lipsitz, Pres. of the Assn., and accepted by Dr. P. E. Blackerby, State Health Commissioner. This is the third mobile unit donated to the State by the Kentucky Elks. The previous units have taken care of more than 250,000 citizens of the State. Besides giving these valuable machines to the State, the Elks also pay for patients in Hazelwood Sanatorium. Since the program was initiated, they have sponsored 135 patients.

**SARASOTA, FLA.,** Lodge, No. 1519, entertained more than 500 local teenagers and collegians at a holiday dance recently sponsored by the Youth Center. The ballroom of the lodge home was filled to capacity, with dance contests adding to the excitement of the program.

More than 250 members and their ladies attended a dinner and dance at the lodge home on New Year's Eve. Dinner was served by the lodge, with favors and noisemakers available. John Norris, Dance Chairman, and P. W. Rupert, Entertainment Chairman, were in charge of the merry affair.



**2. ONTARIO, CALIF.**



**3. COALINGA, CALIF.**



**4. MIDDLETOWN, OHIO**



## NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

**1**

P.E.R. Clyde H. Brand, D.D. Dudley T. Fortin, P.E.R.'s J. E. Lynn and W. A. Meyer, E.R. W. A. Callister and P.E.R. Fred Johns, left to right, are pictured during the District Deputy's visit to Sacramento, Calif., Lodge.

**2**

Three of the four contestants entered by Long Beach, Calif., Lodge in the Elks National Foundation Scholarship Contest received awards. Shown here Jane Archer, Lowell Bowman, Chairman Paul White, Shirley Rundquist and Robert Thompson. All but Mr. Bowman placed in the National Contest.

**3**

At the 49th Anniversary celebration of Winston-Salem, N. C., Lodge were, standing, left to right, E.R. W. H. Maddrey, D.D. J. Max Rawlins, Mayor Geo. D. Lentz and Secretary George I. Hall of the Board of Grand Trustees; seated are Mrs. Maddrey, Mrs. Lentz and Mrs. Hall.

**4**

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, in conjunction with the Minn. State Elks Assn., honored Grand Tiler Emory Hughes recently when a class was initiated in his honor. Shown here, left to right, are Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight D. E. LaBelle, E.R. Dr. E. H. Hamlet and Mr. Hughes.

**5**

C. P. Hebenstreit, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, presents to E.R. Wyckoff Westover of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge the First Place Elks National Convention Award Plaque (1001 and over class), as Elmer J. Wolfer, Editor of the lodge's bulletin, "The 99er", looks on.

**6**

Trustee F. J. Kingfield, Charter Member W. K. Stone and E.R. James P. Benner burn Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge's mortgage.

**7**

E.R. Alfred T. Leavell, right, welcomes D.D. Vincent Grocott to the home of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge.

**8**

Miss Virginia Tazelaar and Herbert Smith accept their \$300 checks in the Michigan State Elks Scholarship Contest from State Pres. L. L. Hamilton.

**9**

At Decatur, Ill., Lodge, left to right, Glen Montgomery, Elk billiard chairman, billiard master Willie Hoppe, Harry Hagen and Lawrence Block.

**10**

E.R. Joseph A. Sweeney of San Antonio, Tex., Lodge, left, turns over his gavel to State Pres. V. A. Powell, when 201 new members were initiated.

**11**

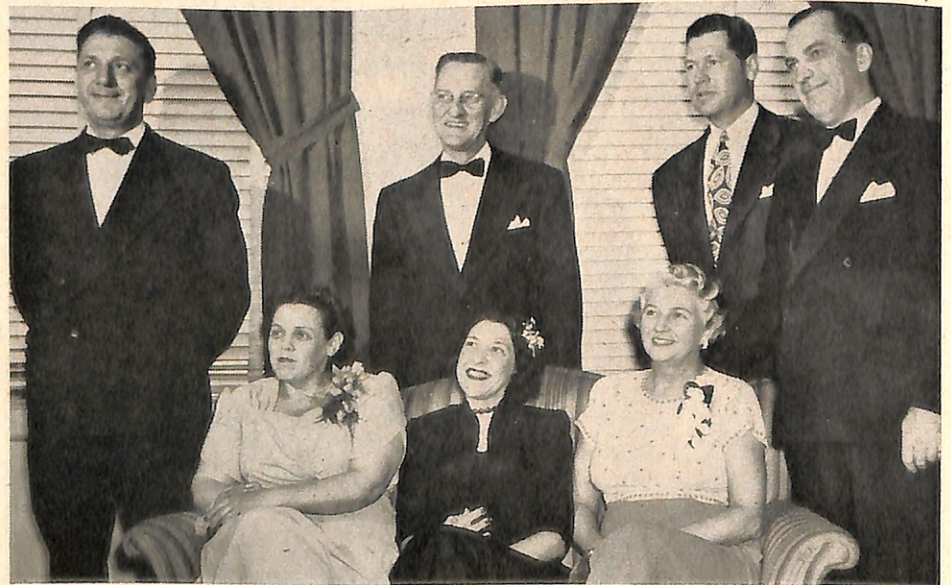
E.R. R. F. Williams, right, presents Greeley, Colo., Lodge's \$50,000 gift to P.E.R. Harry Hibbs for the erection of a City Auditorium.



**1. SACRAMENTO, CALIF.**

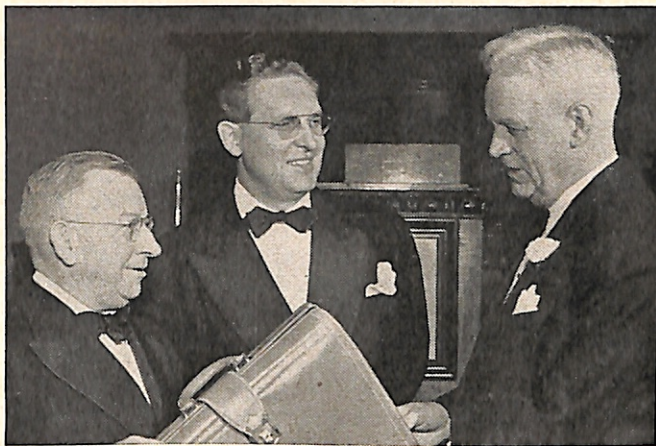


**2. LONG BEACH, CALIF.**



**3. WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.**

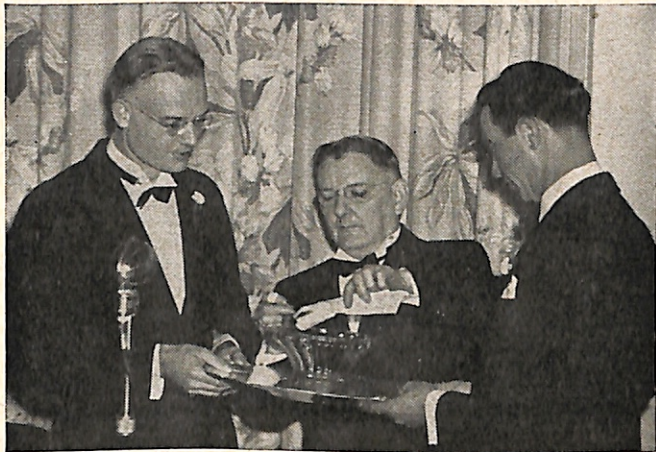




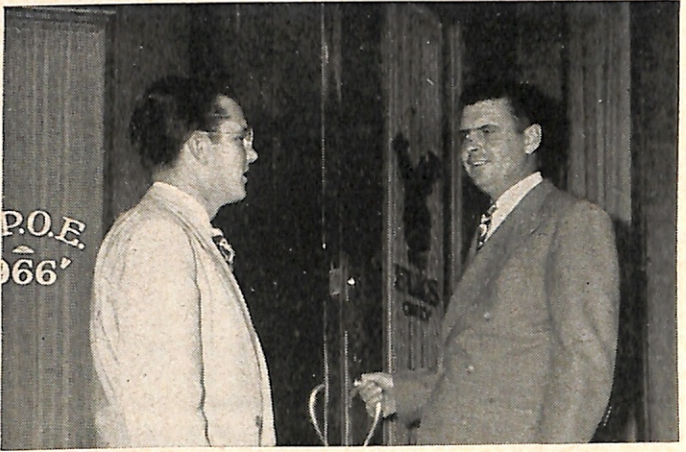
4. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



5. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



6. PHILLIPSBURG, N. J.



7. SAN PEDRO, CALIF.



8. MICHIGAN STATE ELKS ASSN.



9. DECATUR, ILL.



10. SAN ANTONIO, TEX.



11. GREELEY, COLO.



# editorial

## SERVING THOSE WHO SERVED



THE Elks Veterans Service Commission, with the cooperation of State Associations, and, in some instances, the subordinate lodges, presented a special Christmas program in 162 Veterans Hospitals in 48 States.

This program was financed in part by subscriptions from subordinate lodges. It was the desire of the Commission to present it as a gift from the Order at large, without access to the funds of the Commission. This may still be possible if those lodges that failed to answer the Commission's appeal will respond now.

The Christmas parties were a grand success; every lodge should take pride in having a share in their financing. It is not too late. Lodges that have not yet subscribed may still send in their donation, and be recorded as a Santa Claus to our boys.

Through State organizations, the Elks Veterans Service Commission has been carrying on a regular program of entertainment throughout the year. Through the work of the Commission the Order has lived up to its avowed purpose to "serve those who serve".

There are 100,000 disabled veterans in the Veterans Hospitals of the nation. They are where they are because of disability received while fighting our battles, making it possible for our democratic institutions to survive. They must never be forgotten.

## THE YOUTH OF TODAY



"THE youth of today is the man of tomorrow". This has become a trite saying, but how true. It is a thought that sticks in the minds of all our people as they witness-increasing criminal tendencies among our youth.

This thought was in the mind of every Elk who sat in the Grand Lodge at Portland as it unanimously voted to endorse the Boy Scout movement, and recommended to all lodges that they support to the utmost this splendid antidote for juvenile delinquency.

Juvenile delinquency and its causes have many ramifications. It is an aftermath of war. Parental neglect, housing conditions, environment, all play their part in making criminals of the young. The conditions under which so many of our young people are compelled to live make them lose all respect for law and order and decency. Many of them have no directives; they roam the streets of our cities, with nothing to do, nothing to look forward to. The urge for easy money comes upon them, and they are on their way to a career of crime.

The Boy Scout organization has flourished for many years, but it never was needed as it is today, it never had presented to it a wider range of opportunity than at the present time. The principles of the Boy Scouts are too well known to need elucidation here. Suffice to say it teaches boys to be honest, to respect law and order, to help the weak, to be honorable in all their dealings, and to be good citizens. Against these principles juvenile delinquency cannot prevail.

The Boy Scouts of America need the help of the Order of Elks to enable them to expand. As the tide of juvenile de-

linquency rises it must be met by a counteracting influence. The Elks are asked to aid the Boy Scouts in meeting the emergency.

## THE YEAR ENDS



MARCH marks the end of the subordinate lodge year. It is the month when officers render an account of their stewardship, new officers are chosen, and members who have neglected to pay their dues must meet the judgment of the lodge.

First in importance on the March agenda is "Election of Officers". In many lodges, however, a system of rotation prevails and this order becomes a mere matter of routine. In lodges where offices are being contested it is the duty of every member to vote, and do so with the single objective of electing those best fitted to serve. Every office is an important office, and contestants must be judged by their qualifications and willingness to render unselfish service. No matter what the office, the lodge is the first consideration.

Of vital importance is the salvage of delinquents. At the last meeting of the month the names of those in arrears must be presented for action by the body of the lodge. The Lapsation Committee should be in position to report on every name appearing on the Delinquent List and the possibilities of salvage. No lodge, merely to bolster its membership report, should carry over a load of hopeless delinquents; on the other hand, no members should be dropped from the roll who might be saved by a vigorous collection campaign.

All indications point to the fact that progress has been the rule throughout the Order, and that all lodges have been going forward. General prosperity is the rule, and it is safe to say that the Exalted Ruler whose term is about to end will turn over to his successor a successful and progressive lodge.

## CROSSROADS ELKDOM



NOT SO LONG AGO, New Mexico seemed a long way from the centers of population. Her lodges were regarded more or less as outposts of Elkdom.

But things have changed. Good roads, and a more universal appreciation of its beauty and advantages, make the State a highroad over which traffic constantly comes and goes. Her lodges, far from being "outposts", now stand at busy crossroads extending the hand of fellowship to thousands of Elks who pass their way each year.

The Visitors Register of Albuquerque Lodge No. 461 bears witness to the fact that during the month of October it was visited by Elks from 29 States, and the Territories of Hawaii and Puerto Rico—a volume and diversity of registration that few lodges, even in the larger urban places, could show.

The Order has thrived from its very induction in the great Southwest. It came with the pioneers, long before New Mexico was admitted to statehood, and has played well its part in the social, fraternal and cultural development of the country.

Instituted in 1899, No. 461 was the fourth lodge to be established in what was then called a Territory. The District Deputy for that year, reporting to the Grand Lodge, said, "In dispensing charity we have taken the lead of all fraternal bodies in our Territory; our entertainments, banquets, memorial services have met the hearty approval of press and public generally." This record has been maintained through the years.

The modest meeting places of territorial days have given way to handsome homes, and the lodges of the State, of which Albuquerque is a shining example, have added to their obligations of civic leadership the welcome task of playing host to the thousands of Elks who travel the State's broad highways each year.



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- 8 oz. Egg Powder
- 1 lb. Apricots
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